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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE "Times" of Friday publishes, with Sir Percy Scott's permission, a letter from him, dated December, 1913, in which he affirms his belief in the uselessness of battleships. His conclusions are sweeping and unconditioned. Submarines and aeroplanes have, he declares, rendered battleships incapable of each one of their possible uses, offensive and defensive. No longer can they bombard an enemy's forts, blockade his fleet or his ports, or convoy landing parties. Equally impotent are they to attack bombarding or blockading ships, or to attack vessels carrying landing parties. They cannot attack opposing fleets, for the simple reason that no fleet will dare to put to sea to meet them. They are doomed in any kind of water, from the open sea to the closed harbor. Wherever they are, the fleet of opposing submarines will simply seek them out, sink them, and fly back again, not even knowing the number of dead they have sent to their account. All, therefore, that we want is an enormous fleet of submarines, airships, and aeroplanes, and possibly a few fast cruisers. Gone is the vaunted Dreadnought, and the millions sunk in her raddled carcass. Shall we therefore stop building her? Not at all. War in submarines would be much too cheap.

THE collision of the "Empress of Ireland" and the "Storstad" has proved to be a disaster of the first

magnitude. Out of a ship's company of 1,476, 1,024 have been drowned or crushed to death, including Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving and Sir Henry Seton-Karr, a great traveller and sportsman, and once a member of the House of Commons. Only 452 have been saved, most of them, it appears, in the boats of the "Storstad." The main and natural cause of the disaster is quite clear—a sudden St. Lawrence fog falling in complete darkness. The contribution added by the human elements is much more doubtful. The two ships sighted each other in clear weather, and when the fog descended, "talked to" each other by means of the usual signals, but with some fatal misunderstanding. It is most unfortunate, we think, that Captain Kendall, of the "Empress of Ireland," should have charged Captain Andersen of the "Storstad" with holding his ship on her course without possessing the right of way; with failing to reverse engines when the vessels were close together; with backing away when the collision actually occurred, and thus opening the wound in the "Empress of Ireland's" side; and with failing to save many passengers. All these charges are denied by Captain Andersen, and the last of them is obviously untrue. The Board of Trade has asked Lord Mersey to preside over a Court of Inquiry, and the Canadian Government will appoint two judges of Admiralty experience to sit with him.

So far as the impact of the vessels is concerned, the most tragic fact is the sinking of this great steamer within about a quarter of an hour of her having been struck. Various reasons are given for this—the absence of a second skin, or the ram-like character of the "Storstad's" bows, and the immense weight of the cargo of coal behind them. Many correspondents blame the Board of Trade for their failure to define the order to ships to go at a "moderate" speed in a fog. It seems to be doubtful whether the bulk-head doors of the "Empress of Ireland" were closed. Some crudely sensational stories of "devilish work" by steerage passengers—of whom only a small proportion were saved—are told in the Canadian press. A large number of bodies were found to have been seriously injured, either through the shock of one of the most terrible collisions ever known or by wounds sustained in the struggle to reach the upper decks through unlit and devious passages and staircases turned upside down.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking on Tuesday, at Criccieth, to members of the Bristol Radical Operative Association, declared definitely that the Government would reap the full harvest of the Parliament Act, and would decline to break up this Parliament until it had passed the measures the people had empowered it to carry. Both the Liberal and Labor Parties were equally interested in the establishment of that Act. For if it were swept away, a Labor Parliament five years hence might be confronted by "a powerful plutocratic Second Chamber, more firmly entrenched than ever in the path of progress and ameliorating legislation, and the might of Parliament would be broken in trying to get out of the way of this tremendously formidable obstacle." No Government, he

insisted, dissolved Parliament because it had lost a few by-elections, and the real rock in front of Liberalism was not the "little temporary trouble" in Ulster, but the dissensions between Labor and Liberalism. This was the cause of the loss of Ipswich, and the event had its root in North-East Derbyshire. On the other hand, there was no such thing as a real Conservative reaction. The nation as a whole wanted, not to go back, but to go forward, and faster.

A MINISTERIAL crisis has followed the General Election in France, despite the fact that the United Left had improved its position. M. Doumergue has resigned office, presumably because he shrank from the choice between reversing the Three Years' Law (for which he had voted) or upholding it against the victorious Socialists. It is obvious that either course will involve a strenuous battle. On the one hand, M. Poincaré, in a "non-political" speech at Rennes, used phrases generally interpreted as a defiant threat that he will use his position as President to maintain the law, thereby, as M. Jaurès points out, violating the Constitution. General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief, has threatened to resign if the Law is touched. The "Temps" also makes mysterious threats in the name of Russia. On the other hand, the three groups of the Left—Unified Socialists, Unified Radicals, and Augagneur Socialists—have passed strong resolutions in the opposite sense. The new Premier is likely to be M. Viviani, who began his political career as a Socialist, and voted against the Law. Eloquent, sympathetic to Labor, and not yet ossified by the Cabinet posts he has held, he is also an extremely adaptable and variable personality.

PRINCE WILLIAM of Albania is still without the international force for which he had asked, and there is apparently little alacrity on the part of the Powers to assist him. If this were due to a well-founded doubt of his capacity, it would be a natural reserve, but it is evidently rather the consequence of dissension among the Powers themselves. The relations between Italy and Austria are dangerously strained, and in pursuit of the principles of the Balance of Power, our own Foreign Office is apparently waiting for a bid from Italy for its support. That is the clear meaning of an evidently inspired leading article in the "Times," which suggested to Italy that if she wanted support in her difficult predicament she might have it by uniting herself in her Mediterranean policy with the Triple Entente and detaching herself locally from the Triple Alliance. As usual in the politics of the Balance, all thought of what may be good for the population concerned is brushed aside, and policy is made to depend on the abstract play of high politics. Meanwhile, the Prince has begun to think of helping himself, and has enlisted a mixed force of Catholics and Moslems from the Scutari region, where Essad Pasha is not in favor. But the Moslem rebellion makes progress in the centre, and is now more or less openly under Turkish direction.

THE Balkan War has everywhere left behind it a legacy of furious "nationalism." In the territory filched from Bulgaria, the Roumanians are forcibly converting the Bulgarian Churches. The Servians and the Greeks have in their territory suppressed the Bulgarian name, and both have provoked a wholesale emigration of Moslems. The Turkish reply is characteristically ruthless. The Moslem refugees from Greek territory have been dumped along the Dardanelles and in the Troad. The native Greek villagers were ordered to evacuate their houses to make room for the newcomers, who then pro-

ceeded to appropriate not only houses, but flocks and lands. As many as five thousand Greek refugees have arrived in Chios, and it is apparently a settled point in Young Turkish policy to eliminate the Greek element all along the coast. One is not surprised to hear that Greece has just purchased two large warships from the United States. All the Balkan States are ruining themselves in the purchase of armaments, and each of them is recklessly provoking its neighbors. The Greeks are in no mood to endure such intolerable provocation quietly, and for a few months, until the Turkish-Brazilian Dreadnought is completed, they have the advantage in naval power.

THE long and wearying struggle in the London building trade has taken an interesting and important turn in the last week. The Theosophical Society are building a new home for themselves in Tavistock Square. The work was in the hands of a large contractor, but it had been suspended owing to the dispute. The Theosophical Society, having no mind to wait indefinitely, and finding that the contract could be cancelled, entered into negotiations with the Building Industries Federation, and an agreement has been made eliminating the contractor, whereby the Society undertake to observe all the conditions that trade unionists demand, and the Federation undertake that the workmen shall be forthcoming, and that the work shall be carried out efficiently. The work will occupy at least eighteen months. Thus, on this important operation, everything will be done under trade-union conditions. Only union labor will be employed: all masonry, plastering, brickwork, and joinery work will be done by direct labor, and any sub-contractors who supply any other part of the work will be obliged to employ trade unionists only. Thus, what has happened is that whereas the master builders will not recognize the Building Industries Federation, their customers have stepped in and recognized it in this very effectual manner. There are many other customers in the same circumstances, and there is no reason why the example of the Theosophical Society, if the union sets to work in a business-like way, should not find imitators.

THE "Times" published two remarkable articles on Tuesday from "Labor Correspondents." The first article discussed the reasons for the growing unpopularity of trade unions among working men, an interesting topic, if only for the fact, not mentioned by the correspondent, that the form this unpopularity takes is a striking increase in the numbers of trade unionists. But the other article is more remarkable still. It contains one very important passage: "The Miners' Federation is responsible for the Eight Hours' Act, for one thing. That measure is a proved curse. It has increased the hazards, reduced the earnings, and spoiled the leisure and social life of the miners. In the last two full calendar years before that Act came into force—in the last ten years before, for that matter—the deaths from mining accidents averaged four per working day. In the first two full years under the Act they averaged six per day. To make the industry fit the law, working shifts had to be altered, dangerous methods and appliances had to be adopted, haulage and windage had to be speeded up, and repair work was scamped."

THE writer must be strangely ignorant of the impression such facts make on ordinary people if he does not see that his argument is not an indictment of the Miners' Federation, but an overwhelming indictment of the mine-owners. The callousness to human life, revealed by the history of recent accidents, calls

for much more stringent measures than the Home Office has yet taken. At this moment there is a strike in Wales because 3,000 miners are not satisfied that the lamps supplied by the masters are safe. What is needed is a Home Secretary who will insist that human life comes first, and will not listen to any arguments about the necessary economies of working. But no writer has put it quite so plainly as the "Times" correspondent that the mine-owners are making the men pay for their shorter working day by an extra chance of a shorter life.

* * *

A WOMAN correspondent of the "Times" makes a very serious attack on the conduct of the London police courts. Her general charges are want of sympathy and social knowledge among the magistrates, levity in demeanor, shocking haste and frequent inaccuracy in procedure, over-harshness in treating offences against property, indifference to prisoners' statements and neglect to sift them, failure to investigate prisoners' pasts, so that old gaol birds figure as first offenders, and the defective education and refinement of the Police-court Mission women. The correspondent says truly that it is useless to pass reforming measures like the Criminal Justice Administration Bill so long as their application depends on such men and such systems as these. Her remedies seem to us valuable. She proposes an extension of the power of remand, so as to facilitate the investigation of doubtful cases, a fuller use of the First Offenders Act, and above all a deliberate selection of magistrates, not merely on professional (or, worst of all, on political) grounds, but for qualities of "charity," "insight," knowledge of life, and power of sympathetic judgment. She proposes for this purpose an advisory body, including the Lord Chief Justice and the Attorney-General.

* * *

THE suffragette outrages continue, and grow worse, so far as their power of offending the community goes. The result in public opinion is obvious, and does, we think, counteract some though not all the natural progress that the suffrage makes. But lawlessness cannot be met by lawlessness. We do not want to comment on the police-court proceedings at Marylebone before they are over, but we do not understand why the defendants (who were not accused of committing an outrage) were refused bail, why they were not allowed to have letters, papers, or books; why (in one case) the finger-prints were taken, and why, while on remand, they were forcibly fed. They also state that they have been drugged, presumably with the idea of quieting their nerves. Whatever the intention of such an act, it must surely be as illegal as it is improper, and we cannot but hope that the defendants are mistaken. But, in any case, why are these girls being forcibly fed? They are not convicted of any crime, being merely detained by the State during a preliminary investigation by an inferior Court. What right over their bodies does the State possess beyond that of mere detention?

* * *

EVENTS are moving rapidly towards a new phase of the Persian question. If, on the one hand, the Admiralty's venture in oil makes a new case for British control in the South, on the other hand, Russian influence in the North is becoming more than ever inconsistent with any show of Persian independence. In Tabriz the Royalist Governor, a Russian protégé, who openly flouts the Central Government, has forcibly taken over the collection of taxes from the Belgian officials and resumed

the old practice of farming them. The Cossack Brigade also disowns the Teheran Government, and will take its orders only from the Russian Consulate. The Belgian Financial Controller, M. Mornard, who was regarded when he replaced Mr. Shuster as the tame tool of Russian policy, is now openly at issue with the Russian authorities, as any official who cares at all for Persian interests must inevitably be. His grievance is that the Russian Consulates, always enrolling an ever-growing number of Persian protégés, claim for them extra-territorial rights, and refuse to allow Persian officials to collect their taxes. The Russian Consuls now levy taxes directly on these privileged persons, but the proceeds do not go to the Persian Treasury. The Treasury, in consequence, is on strike, and the moral seems to be that foreign officials in the Persian service may choose between failure or expulsion.

* * *

THE Conference of the Latin American mediators for the settlement of Mexican affairs is still sitting at Niagara Falls, but as yet a settlement seems no nearer. General Huerta, indeed, who keeps his methods of barbarism for his own countrymen, and invariably assumes towards the outside world a show of almost excessive correctitude, is suitably pacific. No false sense of honor or self-love, he declares, will stand in the way of his quitting office, if a stable administration is ready to succeed him. He is a beaten man, and this attitude is as prudent as it is correct. General Caranza, on the other hand, in an inflated manifesto, seems to refuse all compromise, since his arms have brought him within sight of victory. To him it seems that the mediators are only scheming to rob him of its fruits. He refuses, therefore, to grant an armistice, and the mediators will not admit him to the Conference. A Conference which ignores him is, however, doomed to failure. The Washington Government has evidently less influence with the Constitutionalists than its extreme complacency towards them deserved, nor is it using such influence as it possesses. If mediation fails, it will continue to wait watchfully from its vantage ground at Vera Cruz until the rebels have driven Huerta from Mexico, as they doubtless will do before the year is out.

* * *

THE death of Sir William Anson is a surprise to the world; for his old age seemed singularly hardy. He was not a great man or a great scholar, and the eminence he justly won from the writing of the "Law and Custom of the Constitution" was a little worn away by his record as a politician. His book is not a great piece of literature; it has hardly any form or flow; it was like himself, rather dry and staccato. But it is fair and admirably arranged, and there are few better works of reference in our modern constitutional library. Anson's personal politics were much more partizan than his writing. He was an academic Tory; more formal and pedantic in style than suited the House of Commons, and as his conduct of the Education Bill under Mr. Balfour showed, stiff in his holding of his beliefs on Church and State. In the constitutional conflict he became, for him, quite violent in his repudiation of the doctrine as to King's rights which he had held and maintained in common with the orthodox constitutionalists. He had the somewhat old-maidish manner which we usually style donnish. He was an intellectual of a veritable English type, that is to say, a little behind his times. His personal charm was great, and his place in the world of Oxford high and sustained with dignity and affability.

Politics and Affairs.

HOW TO CONSTITUTE A SECOND CHAMBER.

WE are glad to have Mr. Lloyd George's assurance that the full fruits of the Parliament Act are to be gathered in before this Parliament comes to an end, and his warning that unless the progressive parties are careful they may find it superseded in effect, and a "powerful plutocratic Chamber" set over us in its stead. This would indeed be a disaster, more especially if such a body were established by act or default of a Liberal Government. Against such a catastrophe we are at least verbally guarded. The Government have used a number of formulæ in explanation of their pledge, in the preamble of the Parliament Act, to fix the constitution of the Second Chamber on a "popular" basis. In all, or most of them, they have promised that such a Chamber shall be stripped of the principle of heredity, that it is not to be equal in numbers or in authority to the House of Commons, and that, in particular, it is to have nothing in the nature of an absolute veto. But we are not aware that they have ever clearly laid down the purpose for which they and their party want a Second Chamber at all. Why should Liberals be Double Chamber men rather than Single Chamber men? What particular merits do they ascribe to machinery which, in form at all events, acts as a corrective to representative government? Do they really mean that the electorate is prone to think too rashly, or the elected to run too quickly in the direction of political or social change? Is it at the back of their minds that in a Second Chamber the true, deep, and rational conservatism of the country finds its best expression, and that through it we keep the King on his throne and the people in their place? If so, official Liberalism and official Conservatism really think alike. Both would, for such an end, conclude that the hereditary basis must go. Both would resort to a form of "popular" election. Both would seek to create a new House of Lords from the social elements that we should agree to call "experienced" and "distinguished." Both would, in effect, belittle democracy, and discredit it with itself, by presenting it with a body, nominally emanating from the people, but formed and chosen so as to bring their will to naught.

Now we believe that in entering on such a course as this either a Liberal or a Conservative Ministry would be treading an entirely unconstitutional path. We find a good deal in our constitutional writers about giving the Lords such powers as those of "suspense," or "revision," or "delay." We find nothing at all to justify a modern British Government in setting up what is conventionally called a "strong" Second Chamber. "Strong" for what purpose? Strong against the House of Commons. But the House of Commons is the real seat of government. Its supremacy is the "note" of our Constitution, the pivot of our Imperial system. If to-day the House of Commons has lost something of its traditional prestige, the reason is that it is supposed to be slow and encumbered as to its procedure, and overshadowed by the will of the Executive, acting

through the party caucus, and growing more and more indifferent to, and independent of, the historic rights and liberties of Parliament. But the moment we admit the necessity of a deliberate check, imposed on the House of Commons from without by a special legislative body, popular or semi-popular in origin, we reach the old Conservative view of an anti-Liberal House of Lords. Once take that view, and we are bound, in the name of constitutional reform, to check and defeat constitutional development. This is such a sin against progress that we can only conceive a Liberal Government committing it in sheer inadvertence of mind. But given that inattention, it would be the easiest thing in the world to do. It could be done by setting up the method of joint session. It could be done through direct election. It could be done by creating a series of great imposing constituencies, and inviting them to choose from a "list" of shining "worthies." It could be done by making the Second Chamber too large, or by endowing it too freely. It is true that all these methods are in a measure barred by the existence of the Parliament Act. But, again, it would be no insurmountable task to keep that measure in its letter and to break it in spirit.

How, then, ought the Government to act if it desires in truth to reap the full fruits of the Parliament Act and to make it the starting-point of a new career for democracy? The answer is clear. The Government must look to constitutional experiments—such as those of our autonomous colonies or of democracies like Norway—which contemplate small and inferior Second Chambers, or link them in implicit dependence on the First Chamber. What is the characteristic fault of modern legislation? Certainly not that it comes too quickly for the needs of the time. The national pulse beats pretty fast; the Westminster clock is nearly always slow. The defect of our laws is the mark of excessive party pressure they carry away from the rough-and-tumble debates of the House of Commons, their defectiveness as legal instruments, their frequent clumsiness and perfunctoriness of workmanship. All these things could be set right by a body of perfectly competent, learned, disinterested men, if we will place them beyond the reach of competition with the House of Commons and of passionate conflict with its will. These things were the curse of the old House of Lords, and they would ruin the new. For that reason the Second Chamber should, we think, be kept well apart from the electoral arena. We do not want elections for elections' sake, and, with the prospect of a full-fledged federal system, it looks as if we might have nothing else. And, above all, a really useful Second Chamber should be a working and not a decorative body. This is no slight matter. The sale of peerages means that the two great parties consent to live, in part, on the wages of prostitution, the prostitution, that is to say, of a branch of the legislature. A Liberal Government ought, for very shame's sake, to sweep away the dirty underground connection between the House of Lords and the Party Whips' funds.

Having suggested these general political ends, we may begin to perceive a way of attaining them. Why

should not the Second Chamber proceed in the main from the first? Certainly it ought not to be a mere replica of the party majority of the hour. But there are at least two ways of avoiding so unfair and undignified an origin. The first is by enabling the House of Commons to elect the Second Chamber, or a part of it, on a system of proportional representation. The second is to apply to Parliament the method by which parties on our municipal councils contrive that each in turn shall get a share of the Aldermen. In other words, the Second Chamber would be elected in two batches, so as to reflect, in proper degrees, the composition of two elected Parliaments, instead of one. This is the system proposed by the Proportional Representation Society. Under it the number of members of the Second Chamber would always bear a definite proportion—say, one-sixth—to that of the House of Commons. Thus, if it were decided that the Second Chamber should consist of one hundred members—and there is no reason why it should be larger than the Senate of the United States—any six Commonsers would be able to choose a single member. On this scale it is clear that each group in the House of Commons—Liberals, Conservatives, Nationalists, Labor members—would be assured of representation in the revising body. But this in turn would not be a mere creature of the existing House of Commons. It would represent the nation in either of two moods—a progressive mood, checked by a conservative mood—or a continuous mood, whether progressive or conservative. What more is it necessary to seek, unless the real aim is to sift out from a nation such as ours those fixed elements of privilege and rank which, if left to themselves, would nullify every change in the existing distribution of money and power? Let a Conservative Government seek such a solution if it will; it is not our business to advance it. If, indeed, it be thought advisable to add a small nominated element to the main *corpus* of such a Second Chamber, it would best spring from the Executive, which would lose the power, deriving from the Sovereign, of nominating fresh peers in special public emergencies.

Let us sum up the advantages of this method of selecting the House of Lords by, though not from, the House of Commons. It avoids the anti-democratic heresy of setting up a Second Chamber in competition with our great First Chamber, and relieves our constitution of the blight of inter-cameral conflicts. It secures an able, responsible Second Chamber, which would not flow purely from the party system, and must be sufficiently in touch with public opinion to give it a moderating, but not an overturning, power. It settles the problem without adding to it a new sensational element. It gets rid of the unreality and snobbishness of the old House of Lords, and sets up no King Stork in its stead. We doubt whether it is possible to devise so safe a plan by ransacking the whole machinery of nomination, electoral colleges, and *scrutin de liste*. But we are very sure that if, in the selection of expedients, the Government evolve a scheme less favorable to progress than is the Parliament Act, it will never pass the House of Commons, and their party will claim complete freedom to criticize and, if necessary, to annul it.

THE RÔLE OF A SOCIALIST PREMIER.

THAT a new Ministry will guide the newly-elected Chamber in France is a matter neither for regret nor surprise. M. Doumergue, who has shirked the complications of the new position, was not a commanding personality, and his Cabinet lost its dominating member when M. Caillaux resigned. A man of middle courses, never trusted by his Socialist allies, M. Doumergue lacked the ability as he probably lacked the will to lead a resolute majority of the Left. Under M. Viviani will begin yet another of those experiments, frequent in the past and certain to be yet more frequent in the future, for the adaptation of a policy, Socialist in inspiration, and opportunist in effect, to the needs of a majority which would reject revolutionary guidance, yet lacks a distinctive Liberal policy of its own. The Socialist leader who lends his talents to a middle-class party commonly makes a bad end. M. Millerand became the chief hope of French militarism. M. Briand, still clinging with a forlorn, theoretic fidelity to a kind of ultra-scientific Fabianism, is to-day the chosen leader of Liberal-Conservatism in France, and the elect of the "Temps," M. Viviani, in his Socialist days a somewhat milder "agitator" than either of these, has been less demoralized by the influence of office. He opposed the coercive repression of strikes; he worked steadily on minor projects of industrial amelioration; he even dared to vote against the Three Years' Law. He is, in short, an interesting type of the French Radical. His old friends do not indeed repose great confidence in him, and it may be doubted whether his character is as strong as his cleverness of speech seems now and then to suggest.

It is too soon to guess what success can fall to such a man in the task of rallying a steady majority from the Left. He may find a fighting phalanx in a combination of the Unified Radicals, the independent Socialists of the Augagneur group, and the powerful Socialist Party under M. Jaurès. But these three groups, substantially at one on several of the actual issues of the day, are not an absolute majority of the Chamber. They can govern only with the consent of the ill-disciplined and uncertain groups of vaguely Radical deputies which occupy the benches between the militant Left and the moderate Centre. Nor will the more formidable task of M. Viviani be to manage the Centre. Already the President has stepped outside the Constitution for the defence of the Three Years' Law. M. Poincaré wields a formidable social power. He stands, not for any group in the Chamber, but for all the forces of finance and social conservation which have come to regard the maintenance of the new military standard as the test of correctitude and patriotism. Behind French society is the Russian ally, bent, as it never was before, on massing the whole force of the Triple Entente for its own world-policy. Russian pressure acts in France slightly through the army, powerfully through the snobbism of the somewhat parvenu Republican "Society," and, most powerfully of all, through finance. It will be used against M. Viviani if he contents his Socialist allies. It will spare him if he plays them false on the all-important issue. We are not sure whether M. Viviani, if he should call in the aid of such

a trusted prophet of the "Block" ideal as M. Combes, and work in close touch with M. Jaurès, can hope to manage a nicely-divided Chamber, to over-rule a "strong" President, and to defeat Russian influence. But we are inclined to think that if he should fail, no Government at all will be possible.

In no country since the fruitful days when M. Combes as Premier, with M. Jaurès to inspire him, led the old "Block," has the problem of Radical and Socialist relations ever been solved. Our own Labor Party is too small in numbers, too mixed in its composition, too unschooled in the theory and practice of government, to be typical of Continental conditions, while Liberalism among ourselves has retained both in Parliament and in the Press "intellectuals" who in any Continental country would have found their natural place in the Socialist ranks. The conditions in France are much more nearly those which prevail throughout Northern and Western Europe. The difficulties of co-operation, oddly enough, will not be most acute in the domestic field. It was when a great strike was allowed by unsympathetic handling to attain national dimensions that M. Clemenceau and his successors found their chief difficulties in the administrative sphere. Parliamentary Socialism, outnumbered and outclassed, was, for the moment, at a discount. It is stronger to-day; the theory of "direct action" has lost ground, and it would be by some improbable ill-luck or stupidity that a Minister of M. Viviani's sympathetic quality should find himself forced to deal with a postal or railway strike. The commoner administrative questions of French politics, the defence of the lay school, and the control of the reactionary element in the upper grades of the army, will make difficulties between Radicals and Socialists. In legislation the manifesto of the Parliamentary Socialist party has this week defined the minimum programme which would answer its claims. It impresses the English reader by its singular moderation. It lays special stress on the enactment of the "English week." By "*la semaine anglaise*," French workmen understand the concession of a Saturday half-holiday to complete their lately-won day of Sunday rest.

More vague, but more urgent, is the demand for housing legislation, which in the large towns is probably more necessary than in any other European country. Nowhere are rents so high for the working-class, or accommodation so comfortless as in France, and nowhere else does the landlord deliberately penalize a couple which dares to bring into the world more than the tolerated maximum of two children. For the rest, this programme asks for an improvement in the system of State pensions and insurance, which is in France markedly below the British and the German standards, and for a large development of educational facility. None of these modest reforms are contentious in principle. The difficulty is finance. Radicals and Socialists are united in demanding a graduated income-tax on the British model, and a levy on capital after the German system. But nothing is so certain as that any adequate Bill will be emasculated by the Senate. One touches here the fundamental mystery of make-believe in French politics. The same Radical majority in the country elects the

Chamber directly and the Senate indirectly. How does it happen that the Chamber invariably pushes forward democratic reforms which the Senate invariably destroys?

A serious conflict between Chamber and Senate over the domestic programme is a bare possibility in French politics. More certain, more inevitable, is the stormy controversy over the military question. It is hard to say what the verdict of the country really was at the General Election. Only the Socialists increased their forces; the Radicals held their ground; militarism of the Briand brand suffered a decisive check. But we are not sure that there is a reliable majority even for a gradual return to two years' service. What is sinister in this military question is not that there should be a wish to increase the fighting forces of the Republic. Faced by the growing numerical disparity as against Germany, France has every right to take her precautions. The anxious aspect of this question is that it is the "peace" effectives, the force available before mobilization for a sudden stroke, which Russia and France have both in concert strengthened. The Socialists have their rival plan for rendering the reserves more formidable and more mobile. But the reserves are the defensive force. With hardly a disguise, it is a plan to make the Triple Entente formidable for aggression which governs the policy alike of official France and official Russia. It is this Chauvinist intention, even more than the added economic burden, which the Socialists opposed when they fought the return to Three Years' Service. The first item of their whole constructive policy outlined in this eminently realistic and statesmanlike manifesto is a *rapprochement* with Germany. For our part we question whether the sinister policy of the Balance of Power has ever more fatally involved European statesmanship than at this moment. The leadership is with Russia, but our complicity is evident, and the old policy of "isolating" Germany is once more revealed in the efforts to detach Italy from the Triple. M. Viviani must needs make his choice. Modern Socialism is prepared to compromise here and to moderate its demands there. But for it the issue against militarism is central. The fortunes of M. Viviani depend ultimately on whether or not he will take the bold decision to defy M. Poincaré and that "new" French Nationalism which is at bottom nothing better than a reflected Russian Imperialism. The peace of Europe is to-day in Socialist keeping, and the centre of its task lies in France.

THE BATTLE OF THE CLOSED SHOP.

THE course of the long struggle in the London building trade offers an instructive and significant illustration of the moods and problems of Trade Union life. It has caused great suffering and privation, and onlookers who knew nothing about it, except that it has lasted five months and provoked a most determined temper in the ranks of the hard-pressed workpeople, would picture a single issue, with uncompromising combatants refusing to yield an inch to each other. But this would be a misleading impression. The proposals that were rejected last week were the work of a Conciliation Board, on

which the men were represented as well as the masters, and they measured so considerable an advance on the terms previously suggested that it was expected in many quarters that the men would accept them. But in this case, as in many others, the rank and file were more militant than the leaders, and the men's vote shows how stubborn and resolute a spirit has been roused by the original provocation of the masters, a provocation that exasperated even moderate and peaceful Trade Unionists.

The quarrel began with the demand from the masters for a personal undertaking from each workman that he would pay a fine if he struck work as a protest against the employment of non-unionists. The masters were entitled, under their agreements, to employ non-unionists, but the men had reason to believe that they were giving such workmen a preference, with the result that unionists were tempted to leave their unions in order to improve their position. Trouble naturally followed, and the masters retaliated by making this demand. The men refused, and were locked out; but the masters found that their position was untenable; the men were supported by their unions throughout the country, and negotiations for a settlement were opened. In the course of these negotiations the men have won a number of points. The original personal pledge is dropped, and in its place the unions give a simple undertaking that their members will observe the rules. The men have the right to inspect tickets, and thus have facilities for pushing their organization. The conciliation arrangements are made terminable at six months' notice. These are the terms that seemed inadequate to the men last week, and though they are in great distress (there are 26,000 men affected directly, and though in the skilled unions strike pay of 10s. a week is being paid, the funds of some of the unions are virtually exhausted), they resolved to stand out for the recognition of the Building Industries Federation and for freedom of action with regard to non-union labor. The battle is become a battle for the "closed shop," or the exclusion of non-unionist workmen.

If the men can gain their point, so much the better, for the effective organization of their fighting forces is a public interest. Everything that has been won for and by the working classes in respect of wages, consideration, safety, has been won by this power. The closed shop means the triumph of this principle, and from the point of view of the public it means the extinction of a constant cause of trade quarrels. The tenacity with which workmen struggle for it is therefore very intelligible. Nothing, again, is more natural than the spirit in which the trade-unionist workmen regard their fellow-workmen who profit by their sacrifices and risks and yet try to escape all sacrifices and risks themselves, who are in a better position because others are trade unionists, and yet are available for a master who tries to crush the unions.

The "Times" printed two articles this week from working-men correspondents, one of which suggests that the man who stands out against the trade union is, in modern times, the man of character. The reply is obvious that the man who stands out on the ground of principle would be displaying greater character if he joined the union and tried to influence it along the lines

that he took to be the wise and proper course for it to follow. However that may be, nobody who knows how classes are used that cannot defend themselves will ever be in two minds about the great value to society of effective trade-union organization. If the unionists can make themselves so powerful in any place or industry as to exclude non-unionists—as barristers contrive to do—their success is a public gain. This has been achieved in some cases both in America and in this country, though generally by other means than a strike. In the case of the London building industries, the prospects would hardly seem bright enough to promise so complete a victory. But the important event of the agreement between the Building Industries Federation and the Theosophical Society may have large consequences. For nearly a century the dream has entered the mind of trade unionists from time to time of fighting the capitalist with his own weapons. Why should not trade unions themselves become capitalists, acquire a mill or a mine, and enforce their conditions on the employing class by competing with them and supplying the market during strikes? The difficulties in most cases have been insuperable, but there seems no reason why the Building Industries Federation should not, with expert aid, undertake any number of contracts of the kind that they have made with the Theosophical Society. In this way they can at once improve their financial resources and apply a new argument to the masters. In recent strikes there have been two different kinds of strategy recommended to the workmen. They are invited by some to hold up society, to keep it short, and thus to make general distress a weapon for coercing Governments to coerce the capitalist class. The other method is to reduce the inconvenience of the public to a minimum, to confine the quarrel strictly to the masters, and perhaps to the offending masters. Different methods suit different circumstances, but there can be no doubt that as a general rule the intransigent capitalist would prefer to see the public drawn in as victims, and sympathy thereby alienated from the general body of trade unionists.

Most of the serious strikes and lock-outs to-day are quarrels over the principle, in some form or other, of the recognition of trade unions. Yet the principle of trade-union organization is essentially a public interest, and the question naturally arises whether society is to put up, indefinitely with all the suffering and waste involved in these furious conflicts and to make no effort to settle a problem that concerns the community at large as intimately as it concerns the combatants. The force of events would seem to be pushing the modern State into something like the Australian system, with compulsory arbitration. The great difficulty in this country is, of course, the hostility and suspicion of the working-classes. Compulsory arbitration is still cast out by the trade unions. The fundamental obstacle is class suspicion. The capital distrust of our Courts appears in Mr. Tillett's address to the Dockers' Union at Swansea on Tuesday. (Mr. Tillett, if we remember aright, used to be one of the advocates of compulsory arbitration at Trade Union Congresses.) Mr. Tillett, after condemning the Insurance Act and the working of the Labor Exchanges, went on to remark that it was too early to say what the

judges would make of the Trade Disputes Act, for they were the most class-biased persons in public life. The truth is that we are now beginning to find out what we have to pay for our steady neglect of democratic principles of education. Our idea of education has been that it should provide training for the upper classes, and the rudiments of knowledge for the working-classes, and a ladder whereby one working-class boy out of a thousand might pass from his world into another. To-day, when the call is for democratic administration, we find that we have to rely on the officials produced by these restricted ideas of education. The men who administer justice, the men who administer laws, come almost entirely from a world that is strange to the lives of the workers.

THE REAL RULERS IN AMERICA.

It makes a great deal of difference whether those responsible for framing a Constitution realize their task in terms of a mechanism or of an organism, whether it is to them a thing of "checks and balances" or a living thing with liberty to grow. For the mechanician, however skilful and fair-minded, proves in the course of events to be an agent of revolution. And this precisely on account of his essentially conservative conception of government. For however ingenious the self-adjusting apparatus that may be devised, it can never prove equal to the unseen changes and emergencies of society. The American Constitution is the most striking illustration of this general truth, and at a period of grave constitutional changes, such as that on which we appear to be entering, it is well for us clearly to confront the dangers that arise from any attempt to formulate, define, and to commit to documents the structure, function, and relations of the bodies concerned.

A valuable aid to this work is furnished in the shape of a popular edition of "The Federalist" (Fisher Unwin), that brilliant and profound exposition of the principles and policy which found expression in the Constitution of the United States. The fundamental aims of the chief author of this work, the great conservative statesman of America, Alexander Hamilton, were two: first, to fasten upon the several States of the Confederation the tightest bonds of union he thought they would consent to bear; and, secondly, to provide all the securities for the predominance of the propertied and governing classes which were consistent with the forms of popular government. Those who realize the magnitude of the difficulties the framers of this Constitution had to confront will marvel rather at its liberality than at its caution, its normal success than its occasional failure. Yet it did fail visibly and terribly to fulfil the first of Hamilton's objects. The Union was strained beyond the breaking point in the mid-century, and was saved, not by the Constitution, but by force and illegality. There are signs, not a few, that the second of Hamilton's conservative principles is also to be tested. Ever since the Civil War the inchoate and often incoherent will of the people has been beating in vain against the barriers of a Government which, in matters affecting the vital economic interests of the

people, has remained in the control of the propertied classes. It has often been observed with surprise that, in this great industrial country, no Labor Party has any show in State or Federal politics, and that the workers have no representatives in the Houses of Congress at Washington.

This is partly attributable to the grip which the business interests have got upon the party machine. But it is due in no little measure to a widespread feeling, rather than an understanding, that the play of the constitutional machinery is such as to secure beforehand the defeat of any legislation which should prove dangerous or troublesome to the business magnates. Experience has shown that in the last resort the propertied interests can usually rely upon the courts for protection against either legislative reforms or trade-union efforts to enforce by collective pressure the interests of labor. Nothing aroused more surprise and indignation among those who over here concern themselves with American politics than that an ex-President like Mr. Roosevelt should open a violent campaign against the Courts of Justice, and should advocate the right of the Legislature to reverse decisions of the law courts and even to "recall" judges. Yet it was inevitable that when the Constitution conferred upon the courts the power to determine the validity of Federal and State legislation, this would mean that in the last resort the "sovereignty" would rest, not with the people, acting through their elected representatives, but with a small body of irremovable lawyers. No doubt it was not generally admitted by the framers of the Constitution (though Jefferson pointed out the danger at the outset) that the courts must thereby become political battlefields. The theory was that the judiciary would interpret the law, not legislate. But in every country the tendency for judges to confuse the two functions *jus dicere* and *jus dare* is common. Not even the most precise codification of the law can preclude some such encroachment. But in America, where the courts may be required to test any case by reference to the large, loose language of a fundamental law which could not even contemplate the possibility of the matter at issue, judges are legislators or legicides in the first degree.

In an interesting book, entitled "The Theory of Social Revolution" (Macmillan), Mr. Brooks Adams exposes the full perils of the situation. With his larger theory we have little space to deal. It must suffice to say that it is based upon the general proposition that revolutions occur from the failure of Governments to adjust themselves to the changes in the balance of economic and social power among the several classes of a society. In 1770, a well-defined aristocracy held control in the Colonies. "As an effect of the Industrial Revolution upon industry and commerce, the Revolutionary War occurred, the colonial aristocracy misjudged the environment, adhered to Great Britain, were exiled, lost their property, and perished." The Southern planter-aristocracy which replaced them fell two generations later by a similar misjudgment of the changed economic environment. The dominant business class of the North, having enlarged and concentrated its economic power to the full in the control of transport, manufactures, and

commerce, is not intelligent enough to recognize the new needs of a broader national economy which shall use the constructive powers of democracy for securing liberty and opportunity for individual citizens. Will its dominion likewise be overthrown? The most valuable part of Mr. Adams's work is that which shows how the Federal Courts have come to be the fortress of American conservatism, and how the propertied classes turn to the courts as their sure defence against the assaults of the people conducted through their legislatures. Remembering that from the beginning it was a recognized function of the courts to act as "a barrier to the encroachments and oppressions of the representative body," it is not difficult to perceive how dangerous this defensive function would become when representative bodies tried to adjust the government of the country to the changing conditions of the age. Where popular pressure reached a great intensity the courts early came to exercise a discretion in their interpretation of the Constitution. "For example, during the Civil War the courts sanctioned everything the popular majority demanded under the pretext of the War Power, as in peace they have sanctioned confiscations for certain popular purposes under the name of the Police Power. But then, courts have always been sensitive to financial influences, and if they have been flexible in permitting popular confiscation when the path of least resistance has lain that way, they have gone quite as far in the reverse direction when the amount of capital threatened has been large enough to be with them a countervailing force." In virtue of this discretion, first exercised in extreme cases, there has grown up a general power of veto upon "unreasonable" legislation, which has secured for the Supreme Court a position not dissimilar from that of a Second Chamber without initiative.

The effect has been to convert the courts into political tribunals, thrown in their last resort for their decisions upon pressure either of public feeling or of class interests. Now, in American society, as at present constituted, with capitalists as the dominant class, and with lawyers, conservative by professional training, capitalistic by professional practice, as the judicial *personnel*, it is certain that the decisions of the Federal Courts must be steadily adverse to the new radical social legislation required to satisfy the needs of the people and to place American Government on a level with the Governments of other civilized States. This has been the case, and it has produced a really dangerous distrust of all formal processes of justice in the minds of the masses of the people. It is, therefore, not rightly a matter for surprise that the power to depose judges and to reverse decisions of the courts should figure as demands of American democracy. Rightly regarded, they are a demand to recover the elementary right of self-government by securing liberty of legislation for duly elected legislative bodies.

A London Diary.

I SUPPOSE the situation in Ireland would be much more dangerous than it is, if it were not in a large measure governed by the natural amiability of

Nationalists and Ulstermen. Even the passion of the Orangemen is an anti-Liberal or anti-Government passion, not an anti-Irish one. And the emotions of the two volunteer forces seem to spend themselves mainly in the novel delights of possessing rifles and being taught how to use them. "What do you want arms for?" asked a friend of mine of a Nationalist warrior. "Me dear sir," was the confidential reply, "it's been the desire of me life to have a rifle, and now I've got ut." The same inquiry to an Ulster hero produced the same reply. Ireland, in a word, has a new toy. It happens to be a dangerous one. But neither set of owners seriously cherishes the un-Christian purpose of using it on the other.

MISERABLE as it is to record the sapping of Persian independence, it is good to hear that out of the wreck of the country one stable institution remains. That is the gendarmerie organized by the Swedes. I hear excellent accounts of it. It has, of course, only been tried against imperfectly armed brigands, but the men have always proved steady in action, and their score of Swedish officers, who are not enthusiasts, speak of them as training fast into excellent, even first-rate, troops. Here, then, is a nucleus, a thing to be kept in mind when the question of the future organization of the country arises, as it must before many months are over.

FRIENDLY observers, of course, are not agreed as to policy. But some of them hold that Northern Persia is gone to Russia, and that it is as well to reckon with that pretty well accomplished fact. What, then, is to happen to the centre and the south? There are two courses. We can go shares with Russia, advance our Indian border, infuriate native India, and spend millions of money on a new scientific frontier, and a great army to guard it. Or we can aim at a new Persia, with a capital shifted from Teheran (now almost a Russian city) to Ispahan, or better still to Shiraz, and at making this country secure in all the realities of national liberty, and yet signifying it as under our protection. In other words, we can constitute something like a second Afghanistan. Is not that the best issue? Would Russia oppose it? There is reason to suppose that she would not.

THE feature of the loss of the "Empress of Ireland" which has most struck people's minds is, I think, the suddenness with which she went down. These great liners look so safe, and as far as the riding of big seas is concerned, are safe. But everything has to be paid for, and you have not yet quite attained luxury, speed, and the management of a big hotel combined with complete immunity on the ocean routes. What is the crew of a liner? That part of it which is visible consists of stewards of various denominations—waiters, valets, male housemaids, chair-tenders, painters, washers, odd jobs' men. Few of them have much or any sea-lore, or knowledge of the way of a ship, or the coasts and waters they traverse. Then, again, the passenger will have his comforts. He no longer consents to live between the deck and the bowels of the ship. He must have his lounges and smoking rooms and music-rooms and drawing-rooms high up on

the vessel's structure. And he will have speed. Well, much top-hamper combined with great speed and small beam means that boats roll heavily, and may go over quickly in an accident. I suppose every big fleet of liners has some vessels which are given this character. I don't say that the "Empress of Ireland" was one of them. But most of us could name a few ships which are dis-trusted, for the reason I have given.

It is, perhaps, worth noting that Mr. Jeans's strongly held view that Parnell was no genius, but rather a man of ordinary talent, is directly contrary to that of, I think, all, or nearly all, the statesmen who were brought most closely into contact with him, or had him most under observation. Take Lord Rosebery, whose opinion is given in an address he delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1898. "There has of late," said Lord Rosebery, "been given to the world the remarkable biography of a remarkable man—the late Charles Stewart Parnell. For ten years Mr. Parnell filled the largest space in Mr. Gladstone's political life, perhaps in English political life; his position in his own country it is unnecessary to define or describe. What was the secret of this prodigious success? It has never been revealed, perhaps it never will be, perhaps it never can be." And again: "Is not Parnell a phenomenon, and an exception to all rules?" That is surely a good explanation of genius, which cannot be explained. Lord Rosebery's opinion was in substance that of Chamberlain, Dilke, Rhodes, and Gladstone himself. Mr. Barry O'Brien has recorded the enthusiasm with which Gladstone spoke of Parnell's powers. Did he rate any of his contemporaries quite so highly? Yet the two men hardly possessed one marked mental characteristic in common; and Gladstone was by no means given to admiration of men who differed widely from him.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING'S death is especially grievous to those who watch the British stage and are zealous for its future. It was clear that this most interesting man inherited his father's genius, and added a great deal to it. Some of Irving's natural gifts—such as a beautiful voice—he merely inherited. Irving's manner he could not help cultivating, and as long as that imitative habit remained with him one could not unreservedly enjoy his acting. But the son was essentially an independent thinker and artist, and it was remarkable to see how his genius grew as the merely talented and derived side of his work fell away from him. His *Iago* (in the revival at His Majesty's) was a most elaborate, ingenious, and minutely studied affair. But one felt that in the extreme elaboration of points of devilry, the form and stature of *Iago* melted away. Not so with his later representations—his *Earl Skule* in "The Pretenders," and his *Takeramo* in "Typhoon." Here mere intellectuality was fused in depth and nobility of feeling. Both plays contain wonderful death-scenes, and Laurence Irving played them, as they should be played, with remarkable stillness of gesture and calm of intonation. To my mind, they were the finest things seen on the English stage for some years, and showed that Irving was shaping fast into the greatest romantic actor of our time.

SIR DOUGLAS STRAIGHT'S editorship of the "Pall Mall" was something of a calm between two such cyclones as Mr. Cust and Mr. Garvin. Sir Douglas was not exactly a free mind in politics or journalism; he trod the accustomed ways with tact, gentlemanliness, an aversion from hot councils and extremities of view or expression, and a sweet-tempered tolerance for the devious ways of the world he knew. Indeed, he knew several worlds—the legal world, the newspaper world, the society world, the world of politics, and was a competent, if not highly effectual, figure in them all. He had friends in all parties; for he took life with a well-bred tolerance which was the natural expression of an amiable and not at all a fervent character.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE TOUCH OF INFINITY.

LAST week Mr. Jeans sent us a very interesting letter in dispute of a statement that Parnell was a man of genius. It had been remarked that "Parnell's strength lay in the power of will, turned with immense concentration on a single object." "If will-power is a sign of genius," Mr. Jeans objected, "then every suffragette who hunger-strikes possesses it"; and he went on to quote other instances of strong will, such as Robespierre and George III., whose claims to genius he could not admit. Mr. Jeans further maintains that Parnell never displayed the "intellectual endowment of the highest kind" which belongs to the definition of genius; that his letters do not exhibit a touch of imagination or a ray of splendor; and, finally, that "the plain truth is that whatever genius Parnell had was mechanical. Nature intended him for an engineer, but the accident of his being born an Irish county gentleman made him a politician."

Without discussing the question of Parnell's genius over again, although we still contend that he had high political genius, we notice the phrase that Nature intended him for an engineer. Remembering the great scene when, at the very crisis of his fate, he pulled from his pocket a lump of rock and explained to John Morley his confident hope of discovering gold in the Wicklow hills, we should have said a mining prospector rather. But the expression that "Nature intended him" for this or that is the present point. It recalls those comfortable days of early Rome when a sort of spirit was believed to attend each child at birth and to dwell unseen beside it from babyhood to old age. This attendant spirit was not exactly the same as the child's soul, any more than the cosy spirit, or *Lar*, which squatted patiently beside the Roman hearth was the same as the fire, or the bountiful spirit latent in the fields was the same as the crops. But it was the soul's inseparable companion throughout the years of earth, moulding the character, and otherwise acting as guide and friend, until the end came, when it politely conducted into the world of shades the comrade or pupil with whom it had been so long together. And because it came to the soul at birth, it was naturally called the soul's Genius or birth-spirit.

Places also had their Genius, and we all know how powerful that still may be—so powerful that in one place it is impossible to think of peace, in another of war, and

in a third to think at all. Among human beings, as religion underwent its changes, the Genius also changed its name, and became the Guardian Angel. In his latest book, Anatole France maintains that the Guardian Angel could precipitate itself into visible form at inconvenient moments, hold converse, and offer good advice. But upon these subjects his evidence is notoriously untrustworthy, and we may assume that the Guardian Angel, fulfilling similar functions to the Genius, was, in general, an invisible, though equally welcome, attendant.

The subtle encroachments of the Manichæan heresy necessitated the supposition of two attendant angels to each human soul—an angel of light and an angel of darkness—and it is, perhaps, noticeable that the name of "Genius" thereupon began to reappear. Even to this day, for instance, we speak of a man's good genius and of his evil genius, meaning the spirits of light and darkness that attend him throughout life. In the same way, one has known children who believed themselves accompanied day and night by an invisible white dog and black dog as representing the influences of good and evil; and it is common for nursemaids, in cases of ungovernable rage, to remark that the child has a black dog on its back. In later life, the black dog often becomes transformed into a corporeal human being; perhaps a man with black moustache and pointed beard; perhaps a woman with hair as black as night. In either case we speak of them as a man's Evil Genius, and consider their influence incalculable for ill.

The use of the word has been further complicated by the early translators of the "Arabian Nights," who chose "Genius" to render the Arab "Djin"—the name of the strange spirits and demons that haunted the Arabian world and made the events of life so unexpected and pleasurably exciting. So when we speak of a "genius," we almost unconsciously associate with the sound all manner of delightful and perilous remembrances from the book of childhood. But in spite of Persian heresies and Arabian powers of air, the Genius of primitive and orthodox faith has for the most part re-asserted itself. We seem in our own time to use the word in two fairly distinguishable senses, and in both the genius is good as a rule, although, as we noticed, the heretical expression about a man's "evil genius" lingers even now.

In the first place, we can still without pedantry speak of genius as the natural character or inborn quality of mind and disposition. If a great astronomer, for instance, were to begin designing fashions for men, and, like the Edinburgh tailor, were to inscribe "Sic itur ad Astra" under his advertisements of trousers, we might say he was acting against his genius. Similarly, we say that a man's natural genius or bent is to music, or engineering, or mining, or speculation, or Parliamentary eloquence. Here the Roman conception of the attendant spirit is evident, though long forgotten. It was the birth-spirit who gave the bent, the natural disposition or quality of mind, and continued to guide it, so that anyone acting against his bent or inborn nature was acting against his genius and was likely to go wrong or to become slightly absurd, like our imagined astronomer. Here we also seem to approach the doctrine of those philosophers who find the rule of right conduct in a certain harmony between the soul and action—a harmony between a man's genius or "better self" and his outward behavior or expression of himself in ordinary life.

From this point it is but a step to the meaning of the word "genius" as it is now most commonly used, though we believe the use to be quite recent, as history goes. When we speak of genius nowadays, we mean

something that is hard to define, but, like the camel, we know it when we see it, though, unlike the camel, we know it best when it is dead and gone. The dictionary definition quoted by Mr. Jeans—"intellectual endowment of the highest kind"—is fairly good. The best part of it is the word "endowment," for the genius is the birth-spirit. It is given at birth, or rather nine months before, and can never be afterwards acquired. Thence comes the mistake in the definition that Carlyle was fond of quoting (he borrowed it, we believe, rather strangely, from Bulwer Lytton)—"genius is the infinite or transcendent capacity for taking pains." No amount of painstaking would have given the most laborious of men a touch of such genius as Carlyle possessed from birth. Genius may rot of neglect; it may be distorted and perverted; poverty may starve it to death, riches may choke it with over-feeding; but no effort or deliberation can produce it, any more than the subtlest chemist can produce a living child in his retorts. "Nascitur non fit" is the law, not only of poets, but of every kind of genius, as of every kind of life yet known. As we have seen, the idea of a spirit granted or implanted at birth lies in the very derivation of the word.

Kant, if we remember, somewhere defines genius as the power of creating rules which others must follow. In Kant's time our commonest use of the word was quite new. We do not know where it arose, but it was eagerly grasped in Germany by young Goethe and his group of stormy friends. It inaugurated the movement which German professors describe as the "Genius-period." It found its expression in Goethe's early poems, such as "Prometheus," the first form of "Faust," and the "Wanderers Sturmlied," beginning "Wen du nicht verlässest, Genius." It also found expression in stormy behavior, the rhetoric of liberty, romantic dress, love of mountain solitudes, rebellion against wigs, and that cultivation of long hair which in Germany, Russia, and some other countries still passes as the characteristic of genius, especially of musical or poetic genius. So it was natural for Kant to insist upon the rebellious side of genius—the power that shatters old conceptions, as he himself shattered them in philosophy, and creates new rules which others must follow, at all events till the next rebellion comes and genius once more leaps into the future chance.

This idea of originality—of a quality that "has no connection with any other shop on the road"—is inherent in the earliest conception of the Genius or birth-spirit, at all events in the case of great men. Napoleon was an industrious student of old campaigns, but he created a whole new series of rules for warfare. Newton and Darwin, Beethoven and Wagner, knew their predecessors well; but, guided by their genius, they broke through into fresh worlds of science and music. To this rebellious and originating quality in the birth-spirit of genius, we should like to add that power of will, that "immense concentration," with which at the beginning we characterized Parnell. But here, we admit, one is immediately confronted with such peculiar examples of genius as Coleridge, who hardly possessed the strength of will to write down the splendid visions that swam into his brain; or as Samuel Butler, whose genius may almost be said to have consisted in diffusion. For that matter, one might turn with astonishment to Goethe himself, who boldly announced to Eckermann: "People talk a lot about my poetry, but the thing I'm really proud of—the thing I shall be remembered by—is my Treatise on Color." He was hopelessly wrong, but where is that immense concentration which we still believe to be almost universally characteristic of genius?

Let us now see how the idea of genius stands with us. The primitive Roman conception of a birth-spirit still dominates it. We agree that it is an "endowment"—something bestowed at birth as though by divine grace. We have come to limit the word, however, to those alone who are endowed with some particular and extraordinary power, usually rebellious, original, strong-willed, and capable of creating new rules for itself and others. So far we do not see why it should not be applied to suffragette hunger-strikers or any other people who exhibit unusual power of will for any unselfish cause; just as we commonly speak, for instance, of "a genius for martyrdom." But we admit that, partly from the idea of spirit still lurking in the word, partly because very unusual power (raised, as it were, to an infinite degree) appears to be transfigured and become different in kind—for these reasons the conception of "genius" has won for itself an incalculable quality, like something miraculous and divine. There is a sense of the "dæmonic" and incommensurable about it. Its nature seems to have acquired the touch of infinity. As Goethe said of the nightingale, in many notes it is like other birds, but then it suddenly rises to unexpected heights, as though to show all the fowls of the air what singing really is. Genius stands beside the Greek philosopher, perpetually warning us against those who advise mankind, being earthly, to mind only earthly things. It possesses the transforming influence that the Bacchanals felt in Dionysus when first he came to Thebes. Or we might compare its action with the inspiring force which descended upon the Apostles when the outside populace thought they were drunk with new wine, though it was but the third hour of the day.

THE GREYFRIAR OF OXFORD.

To our generation, musing at the dark or the dawn of the new age, and looking back upon the vanished ones, the thirteenth century is of compelling interest. And among the wise men of that age it has agreed to give a first place to Friar Roger Bacon, whose seventh centenary is to be celebrated next Wednesday at the University where he was educated and where he taught. The medieval hero as Man of Letters was this ill-clad, ill-fed, persecuted, inodmitable foe of the political, philosophical, educational superstitions of his time; this precursor of modern science, who trod the dirty streets of Oxford barefoot some seven hundred years ago. Such is the picture of him one gathers from passages in his own writings, and from contemporary records of the hard life led by the Greyfriars. Of this new order, vowed to poverty and the service of man, Roger Bacon was a type.

He was born, it is supposed, in 1214, five years after the foundation of the Order by Saint Francis at Assisi. He was the son of a rich county family in Worcestershire, and would have been ten years old when the first band of Franciscans, appointed by the Saint himself to establish a "Province of England," with settlements at London, Oxford, York, Northampton, and other towns, landed at Dover. Probably he became a student at Oxford in his twelfth or thirteenth year—not an uncommon age for University "men" in the Middle Ages. He was lucky in one at least of his teachers, the great scholar, Grosseteste, the liberal thinker and politician, with his notions of social betterment and of scientific reality as substitutes for the wranglings of the schools. But the date of Bacon's reception into the Franciscan Order at Oxford is uncertain. It was, according to some authorities, in or about 1245. In 1245 Bacon would have been thirty-one. To what sort of life was the man destined who, conscious of his vocation, should adopt the

garb of the new religious Order? The question opens up a subject vastly more important than that of any personality. Grosseteste, Adam de Marisco, Agnellus, the leader of the first band of Friars, Saint Francis himself, were but the apostles of a new social, religious, and intellectual movement which, beginning early in the twelfth century, was gradually overwhelming the feudalism, monkeries, and ecclesiasticism of the medieval world. The burghers were successfully asserting their rights against the monarch and the feudal lords. And now there followed the rustic immigration into the rising towns—creating slumland, with its poverty, squalor, miseries, vices, diseases. It was an essential part of the business of the new Order to fight these evils. For that reason the friars settled in the poorer quarters of the towns. In this respect, as in many others, there was a vital distinction between the friar and the monk. The monks selected for their convents the most beautiful sites, remote from the sinful haunts of men. The monasteries, though mainly recruited from the common people, were monarchical in their constitution. Their Abbots were territorial lords; their duties were in the first place to themselves and their little kingdoms; what popular influence they did have was indirect.

But the friars' influence was personal and direct; their first duties were to the people; their rule was wholly democratic; during their great days, at least, in the thirteenth century, possession of wealth, whether in land or money, was incompatible with their ideal—which was social service with no reward, save voluntary charity, or scanty earnings from their occasional exercise of such trades as they might have learned before they entered the Order. The Greyfriars were the sick nurses and hospital organizers of the thirteenth century. Leprosy, that scourge of the Middle Ages, from contact with which most men shrank in horror, had no terrors for the Franciscan visitor. The Franciscans may be said to have introduced the rudiments of sanitation, so far aiding in the prevention of disease. Father Cuthbert, a learned author of the Order, says that the Friars, by their disregard of class distinction in their humane labors, by their ideas of social equality, by their choice of the "masses" as the special field of their life's work, did much to destroy the old-world cruel contempt for poverty, and to awake in the poor a new feeling of self-respect. And they were the popular preachers of the age, far surpassing in this respect their rivals, the conservative Dominicans. The language of their sermons was the racy, anecdotal, humorous vernacular of the rustic and the man in the street. They followed Roger Bacon's precept to the preachers and teachers of the Order—to take account of the mentality of the people they preached to.

In national policy the defenders of regal and aristocratic "prerogative," in the Church and the schools, the doctors who sought for truth through "argumentation" in place of observation and experiment, were up in arms against the democratic innovator and the philosopher to whom the traditional learning was, in Miltonic phrase, a "rabble of words." "I would make a bonfire of your books," said he to his scholastic opponents—meaning their trashy paraphrases of Aristotle. Throwing aside their "useless" learning, he devoted himself ardently to Greek and Arabic, to psychology, metaphysics, anatomy, chemistry, optics, mathematics, astronomy, and moral philosophy—the supreme end of his intellectual toil. The money needed for his experiments, says Professor Little in his book on the Greyfriars, "he got by begging." Among his opponents were brethren of his own Order; for in their

alarm at the revolutionary doctrines of their most illustrious member, many of them were already forming a party of reaction. The Minister-General of the Order banished him to the Franciscan settlement in Paris, there to be kept under supervision, and prevented from writing. His ten years' ticket-of-leave existence in Paris was one of direst poverty—ending in a splendid triumph. We can imagine him wandering disconsolately among the swarms of students in Parchment Street, Straw Street, at the Parva Pons, and other haunts in the Latin Quarter—too poor to hire on deposit (as the custom was) some longed-for manuscript at the stalls, or to buy a sheet or two of parchment for record of the ideas simmering in his brain. He was on the threshold of despair when Pope Clement IV., who had heard of him, and admired him, invited a written exposition of his philosophy. The result was perhaps the most extraordinary feat of its kind in literature—the composition and despatch to Rome of his three principal works, beginning with the "Opus Majus," all in about eighteen months.

The "Opus Majus" is an encyclopædia of the knowledge of the thirteenth century. "The Organum of the Thirteenth Century" was Whewell's description of the work in which the Oxford Bacon anticipated the general doctrine and method of the Cambridge Bacon's "Novum Organum," published three and a-half centuries later. The Friar's theories were, of course, tinged with medieval superstition; but his belief in the philosopher's stone was a less grievous error than the other Bacon's rejection of the Copernican astronomy. There is no reason to suppose he was an original inventor—though in the physical sciences he was ahead of his time. His greatness lay in his anticipation of the inductive method, through observation and experiment. Francis Bacon's "interrogation of Nature" was Roger Bacon's. There is a modern ring in the Friar's view of mathematics as the basis of science; in his doctrine of a unity, of which the separate sciences are but interdependent parts—"nam omnes scientiæ sunt annexæ, et mutuis se fovant auxiliis, sicut partes ejusdem totius." What, precisely, had he in his mind when he spoke of alchemy as a search after "the origin and generation of things"? The phrase seems to suggest the familiar modern conception of the one-ness and transformatory properties of matter. When Bacon of the mid-Plantagenet era says that to attain to knowledge of the first cause, one must rise from the examination of particulars, we seem to hear the voice of Bacon the Elizabethan. The futility of the education in words, words, words, was the perpetual object of the Friar's hostility. That, and the vices and ignorance of the clergy and the monks, were the theme of the book for which, in 1271, he was sent to prison—to be released after fourteen years, eight years before the supposed date of his death, at the age of eighty, and his burial at some spot still unknown, in or about Oxford.

Yet one must not exaggerate the obscurantism of the thirteenth century. Many years ago the writer of the article on Bacon in the "Dictionary of National Biography," remarked that the Friar "represented one current of thought and work in the Middle Ages which must have run strongly, though obscurely," and that "without a thorough comprehension of his position, our conceptions of an important century are incomplete and erroneous." Some notion of the freedom and boldness of that thought is suggested even by the kind of questions debated in the schools; for example, "utrum Deus est infinitæ potentiæ: an Deus sit; an incarnatio sit possibilis; an Deus sit in omnibus rebus"—a question with a pantheist flavor. The foremost minds of the twentieth century have still to solve the problems which the Englishman of the thirteenth dimly visualized.

ON STEINLEN'S CAT.

"Decadent women and decadent cats!" said a mellow, velvety voice, in a tone of amused annoyance, as its owner walked past Steinlen's drawings in the gallery at Leicester Square. The voice was slightly asthmatic, and the figure of its owner suggested indolence and good-living. He had strolled through sixty years of ease, and his rather flabby, loosely-knit person, carelessly arranged on a tall frame, was beginning to show signs, not so much of wear or fatigue, as of the disarrangement that comes to upholstery that has been too long in use. His face was genial and indulgent, the face of a man who need never struggle and is rarely crossed. A little, faded daughter walked beside him, her function in life to assent to his vapid and summary judgments of things. "Decadent women and decadent cats," he repeated, as though in that adjective he had found a sententious word, the final verdict. "But I prefer the cats if I must choose." He had hastily adjusted his monocle to glance at a drawing of two anæmic work-girls, carrying through the streets of Paris their great bundles of toil completed, their heavy basketfuls of tasks and vigils. "I prefer the cats; the women make you feel uncomfortable." A transient look of irritable sympathy played about the corners of the weak, kindly mouth. It was not a welcome sentiment, and it promptly expelled the couple from the gallery. One heard the chauffeur outside winding up the mechanism of their car. One fancied it hurrying through the long streets of London—those streets in which one may always chance to see something uncomfortable, even if one travels fast. It slackened its pace, as if by instinct, when the last northern slum and the last jerry-built suburb gave way to the green Hertfordshire lanes, and then, past hedges where the first rose vied with the last hawthorn, it swept majestically through a tranquil park. The old gentleman breathed more freely, and spoke with a less pronouncedly asthmatic intonation. He was among his own surroundings once more. The Leader over his drawing-room mantelpiece was tranquillizing, and his little Tadema spoke to him of an elegance that stirred no contemporary thoughts. To a comfortable and acquiescent wife he dismissed the show in one word that debarred all further questioning: "Decadent, my dear, very decadent." The daughter, indeed, prattled timidly of the cats. It was a comparatively safe subject. "Ugly, cruel, half-starved things, more like tigers than cats, and yet. . ." She sought in vain for words that would convey the troublesome sense of power in those disturbing drawings. Her vocabulary failed her, and she turned instead to the sleek and neutral Persian on the rug, who awaited his saucer of milk. But no one mentioned the "Decadent women."

It is, one suspects, Steinlen's cat which has made his artistic fortunes. This competent animal arouses no moral discomfort, no disturbing sympathy in the spectator. He is, indeed, drawn with that economical vigor, that alarming and almost aggressive sureness, which repelled our elderly spectator. The really comfortable mind dislikes strong work, and prefers, even in line and color, a placid commonplace in execution which conveys to the eye and the imagination no sharp and disquieting stimulus. But in youth and middle-life, even the comfortable classes can admire a strongly-drawn cat. He is violent, predatory, remorseless, this cat of Steinlen's. He is pitiless in the chase, and ruthless in his amours. Even in repose, as Steinlen draws him, curled on the sun-baked paving-stones of a Paris street, the tense muscles of his outstretched paws convey a threat. But his is a non-moral wickedness. He breaks no commandment when he springs, and evades no law when he stalks his prey. To draw him is to pursue art for art's sake, it

is to find terror and truth on a discreetly inhuman plane. The cat, however, is a subtle diplomatist. Flattering, purring, delicately rubbing the well-draped limbs of the bourgeoisie, Steinlen's cat has compelled their attention. When you have seen it, you must spare a glance for his other subjects. The same pencil has drawn them, the same athletic truth-telling has recorded the gestures of the midinette in the street, the mason on his scaffold, and the miner on strike. With all its instinct for evading moral discomfort, the leisured world has been compelled to face his sketches of tramps and work-girls, his harlots and his gutter-children. They are drawn too superbly for neglect. The collector ends by gathering for his portfolio the prohibited cartoon which Steinlen scattered at a May-day demonstration, among a crowd of proletarian admirers herded by the sabres of the police.

It is not a deliberate propagandist intention which has made Steinlen the artist-laureate of the Socialist movement in France. It is not so much that he goes out to see and record the things which will harry the mind of the middle-class. The fact is rather that he has never learned to shut his eyes to the things which are there. He is the artist of the streets, and his pencil knows no master. There are many ways of seeing the streets. One may treat them as landscapes in slate and stone. One may see in them, as Mr. Muirhead Bone does, an epic of triumphant toil. For Phil May, whose swift expressive work had at moments a slight and fugitive suggestion of Steinlen's, they were a comic stage, which grew devitalized only because he was too conscious of the audience in the stalls. For Steinlen it is rarely the mere visual show of things which matters. For him the streets are a garment, which has come by long use to express the personality of its workman wearer. They have their emotional moments, the hour of going to work, the hour of coming-home. Nothing in them is quite indifferent to him. He will render with the same passion and dramatic fidelity the cats and the school-children, the tramps and the gossiping girls. But work is the supreme reality, work in all its gestures and emotions, from the free, lissom back of the young mother who has done her own washing, to the pale bloodless form of the sweated little milliner bending under the burden of her accomplished task. He is neither pessimist nor optimist. He will draw you a crowd of out-of-works hurrying through the snow, until you see in the storm that drives them, the stark modern fury, economic necessity. He will draw with a lyrical passion the young laborer's return to his wife. His is a slight, average figure, and a good commonplace face. Her beauty, habited in work-a-day rags, is all in the intense and rapturous abandonment of her attitude. They are clasped in an embrace which brings forgetfulness of all else in life, and you turn contented from the drawing, reflecting that there are joys which neither capitalist nor war-maker can tarnish. Here, too, is a companion drawing. It is a bare upper room in a worker's dwelling. A mother, opulent in her stores of tenderness, beautiful in her mere woman's grace, is kissing a common slum child. Once again you reflect that much is left in life when wage-slavery has done its worst. But the hinted moral of the drawing seizes you as you turn away. Through the window are visible the lightly-sketched chimneys and graceless gables of the factory that dominates that worker's nursery. Your nostrils can just detect the sulphur in the polluted air. Your ears can just catch the imperious hooting of the whistle, and the deafening hum of the machines. That mother's love will struggle with poverty and disease, with squalor and ugliness around the cradle of her child. Something in the bare room and that intruding industrial

landscape presages her defeat. Civilization is the pursuit of comfort, and comfort is the successful avoidance of truth.

We are all in our own degree in the case of the old gentleman who hurried home from Steinlen to his Leader and his Tadema. Some of us can stand the predatory cats, some of us can even gaze on the gaunt forms of those predatory women, wandering through desert streets like Hebrew scapegoats, with the sins of a city upon them. They are, after all, so superbly drawn. The connoisseur will find in great workmanship an antidote to any moral. But how many of us who are not connoisseurs would dare to place upon our walls one of these more poignant drawings by Steinlen? Hang on your bedroom wall that awful little sketch called "The Thief." Note the ragged clothes, the bare, swollen feet of the little street-urchin; gaze at his face, transfigured by a greed that has risen to passionate lust as he contemplates the unguarded stores of a boot-shop—endless boots of brown and black, of solid and elegant, boots innumerable, boots for all the world, and never a foot inside them. Gaze at that sketch on your bedroom wall, and then open your cupboard contentedly, and choose a pair from your ample store for your own wearing. A man who faced the experiment loyally would go barefoot in a week.

We are all engaged, with more or less success, in works of fiction. Our satisfying houses, our flights to the lying loneliness of green lanes and hawthorn hedges, our library shelves, packed with romance and speculation—they are all an effort to make for ourselves a fictitious world that excludes Steinlen's streets. No factory chimney, we are resolved, shall overshadow our nursery, and we turn with angry discomfort from the artist who intrudes it on us. Hang a cartoon of Steinlen's in every "fat-man's" drawing room, and the social revolution would come upon us unresisted. Mr. Dyson's "fat-man," the aggressive, overwhelming figure of the "Daily Herald's" cartoons, is the product of an imagination that has just missed the truth in its anger. The dangerous fat-man is not the rare, predatory type whose swollen proportions monopolize the earth's generous spaces. The true and typical fat-man is the rather futile, weakly sympathetic gentleman whom we met in the Leicester Galleries. He has just enough human sympathy to feel discomfort when the truth suddenly confronts him. His mental "fat" is his incapacity for the athletic effort of stepping outside his guarded world into the perils and terrors of unfenced reality. Outside every show by Steinlen you will find his motor car waiting to hurry him home.

THE TRAMP'S LOT.

RETURNING recently from a brief holiday, I found myself in the county town not far from where I live, confronted with a choice of two alternatives—either to walk three miles, carrying a bag, or to wait three hours for the next train. It did not take long to decide in favor of the former. The day was delightfully fine, and the bag not too heavy. Taking things easily, I got on for a mile or so comfortably enough. In fact, I had forgotten the existence of the bag, when I was reminded of it by the appearance of a something which is a familiar daily sight upon those level roads, a party of three or four men making their way to the shelter of the Casual Ward of the Union which stands just outside the town I had left. Some idea of asking one of the men to carry the bag began to form dimly at the back of my mind, but before it had time to take shape, it was anticipated by one of them, a grey-haired and respectable, very meek, and hungry-looking man, coming forward and asking, "Would you like someone to carry your bag, sir?" I

began to say that I was going in the opposite direction, and it would take him some distance out of his way, but before I could finish the sentence, he had eagerly taken the bag from my not unwilling hands, and turned back with me on my homeward way. Falling into talk, he described the daily routine of the seeker after work in this fashion:—

"I have come from Wisbech to-day—I have walked twenty miles. No; I have eaten nothing since breakfast this morning. Breakfast at Wisbech is half-a-pound of dry bread. In some Unions, Holbeach, for instance, they give you half-a-pint of gruel as well, but these are the exceptions. Wisbech gives dry bread, Lynn gives dry bread only. Breakfast is at seven o'clock—after that you put in your three hours' work before you leave. The late start—at ten o'clock—is a great disadvantage to a man genuinely looking for work. That is no doubt why in some Unions you must stay two nights. You go in one night, do a whole day's work next day, and leave quite early the following morning. The work to be done varies in different places. I did my three hours this morning sawing wood with a circular saw. The usual task is either breaking granite or pounding stone. You are locked in a cell alone with your pile of stone or granite to break or crush; as it is done it is shot out of an opening in the wall. Ten hundredweight of granite is the usual quantity which has to be broken in the day. The worst Union I have heard tell of is Barnsley—there the task is fifteen hundredweight. The stone-breaking is a terrible punishment to a beginner. The first time I ever broke stone was at Doncaster. I said to the porter: 'This is the first time I was ever in one of these places.' He laughed. 'They all tell us that,' he said. I tried to get on with the work, but found I could not do it. My hands were cut and blistered with burst blisters and bleeding. 'I can't do it,' I told the porter. 'You'll get used to it all right,' he said; 'get on with your work.' 'If I go to prison,' I thought, 'it can't be a worse punishment than this,' so I put down the hammer. The porter came again, and I said, 'I suppose I shall go to prison.' 'You certainly will go to prison,' he said. I said, 'I can't help it—prison can't be worse than this.' At dinner-time he came again and said, 'I find this is the first time you have been in a casual ward—so, off you go.' I was bundled out without a bit of dinner. The usual dinner for the day's stone-breaking is half-a-pound of bread and an ounce and a-half of cheese. The stone-pounding is done with an iron rammer. Yes, it is very common for men to be sent to prison who are really unable to complete their task. At Dorking, in the South of England, I knew a man get seven days' hard for not pounding his three hundredweight. The greatest quantity that can be required to be pounded is five hundredweight, but at Andover, when the new barracks were being built at Tedworth, so many men came hoping to find work there, that the quantity to be pounded in a day was raised to seven hundredweight to try to keep them out. In the course of three weeks as many as sixty or seventy men went to fourteen or twenty-one days' hard labor for not finishing their allotted task. Many men are really unable to do this work; to spend years on the road in a constant state of starvation wears the inside away. The officials always suspect a man of shamming; sometimes when leave is asked to see a doctor it is refused. I remember a man who said he was ill, and asked to see a doctor—the porter said he was trying to shirk work. He did his three hours and at ten o'clock was sent off. Towards night of the same day he fell on the road very seriously ill. He had walked

twenty-five miles on nothing. It is true that a fuss was made, and the porter got into trouble. But if you do see a doctor, it is a very humane man indeed who will certify that you are unfit for work. It is a great mistake to think the ratepayers keep the likes of us. We more than earn what we get. The fair wage for the three hours' sawing wood on a circular saw, which I have done this morning, is eighteenpence. A man heaping stones on the road gets two and twopence a day. For breaking ten hundredweight of granite we get breakfast and dinner—that is, a pound of bread and an ounce and a half of cheese, and two nights, not on a bed, but on three red rugs over the bare boards. Yes, if they would let you, I would rather sleep outdoors almost any night than in one of those places. But sleeping out may mean a month's hard. In some places you have to apply at the police station for a ticket before they will take you into the casual ward. The rule sometimes is you must apply before nine o'clock at night. That is the case at Gloucester. I had walked one day from Chippenham to Gloucester, thirty-two miles, with nothing inside me. I got to Gloucester Police Station at five minutes past nine. I asked the sergeant for a ticket. 'After nine,' he said. 'No tickets here to-night!' 'What am I to do, sir?' I asked. 'I have walked thirty-two miles—I am exhausted. I am ready to drop.' 'Nothing to me what you do,' he said. 'If you don't give me the ticket,' I said, 'I must go out and beg, and then I shall get into trouble.' 'You'll get into no trouble through me,' he said. 'Do what you like, but it's past nine o'clock, and you'll get no ticket here.' I went out, and stood in the street—I could hardly stand—and a gentleman came and spoke to me. After he had asked me a few questions, he gave me the price of a night's lodging. No, sir, nobody would take up tramping for the love of a lazy life. You go hungry on the road all day—you durst not beg; you are had up at once for begging. Many do beg, and get scraps of food of all sorts, but I never take the risk. I don't want to be locked up. I never have been yet. Nine out of every ten men on the road, in my experience, are genuinely looking for work, and unable to find it. We're treated like dogs, sir—like dogs!"

We had now come to our journey's end, and my companion received his recompense, and went on his way with gladness. His artless tale, which is set down here just as he told it, with no attempt at embellishment, opened a wide field for reflection. I thought of that savagery toward the destitute poor which has been displayed by the English propertied classes ever since the Tudors. The mind goes back to the Reformation statute, which enacted that vagrants should be "whipped till their bodies were bloody by reason of said whipping." In churchwardens' books of accounts from the Reformation to the middle of the eighteenth century you may read such entries as: "To whipping a man and his wife with their children, vagrants"; "to whipping a female vagrant, a child, aged fifteen"; "to examining the woman who was to be whipped, to see if she were pregnant"; "to whipping them that had the small pox." All these entries are quoted in "Chambers's Book of Days." In this tradition the English respectable classes have gone on, the rector and the churchwardens, the squire, the farmer, the tradesman, the Guardians, the whole tribe of Bumble, to this day. "Them's what we've got to keep," the fine old rosy English farmer will exclaim from his dogcart, pointing his whip at two wretched pallid figures slinking noiselessly along the side of the road. Ardent aspirations after the cat as a means of dealing with them are again and again ejaculated by good-hearted young fellows, themselves kindness itself in all the ordinary relations

of life. No one need beg, it is triumphantly said, and no one need starve, because there is always food and shelter at the Union. Where I live, one sees continually, literally every day, droves of captives, led off by the police, shackled together in threes. They are charged, mostly with begging, sometimes with sleeping out, or similar offences. The police scour the long roads on bicycles, securing these captives, for whose conviction they get a shilling a head. What one is always told is that they beg on purpose to be sent to prison, which is their true home and refuge. The truth is that they beg because they are hungry. Many of them, no doubt, will not work; but let us in charity remember how often the reason is simply that they cannot. I myself recollect a hopeless loafer, whom we all loudly condemned. He at last deserted his wife and young children and went off on tramp, to the general indignation. A few days later he was found dead on the road. The anger of the deserted wife was intense when she heard that the body had been crammed into a coffin too small for it.

Well, I came from these thoughts into my own room, where I found a table covered with a week's letters, newspapers, and books. Among the latter was one called "Vagabonds in Périgord," by Mr. H. H. Bashford (Constable), which I spent the evening in reading. Here were adventures different from the listless, monotonous pacing of the long roads from Union to Union, hostleries of the South welcoming their pilgrims otherwise than the Workhouse does, meals, with their trout and omelettes and what not, how different from the crust of bread, or the basin of gruel, or the ounce of cheese by which the English vagrant's body and soul is barely kept together. Will any who may read these lines, and who, from time to time themselves enjoy such wanderings, remember that, at the outside, a florin will snatch one of these poor devils from this Purgatory for one night?

CURÉ DE CAMPAGNE.

Short Studies.

MOMENTS.

SPRING.

EARLY morning: that gleam of dew on grass, silver on the daffodil leaves; joy, blue sky. These south wind mornings! The sound of the sea fills my bones with laziness, the song of the sea: "Sleep! Sleep!" But I go on wandering.

Lane, field, bare brown hedge, cloud in the sky, cloud reflected in the pool at one's feet—and then a lark springs up.

"Ah! This is the moment," I think.

Higher and higher, higher and higher! The blue must answer! But the bird is silent suddenly, and drops like an arrow; my heart drops too. No answer.

These south wind mornings! All the shining silver palm rocking to some tune; white gulls wheeling round the plough; two men eating their lunch, stolid, silent; the horses feeding, and in the next field lambs.

Such little naked bodies, such queer legs, such innocent faces, putting out their little pink tongues at my fingers; sniffing the breeze, questioning me, examining the scent of turnips, the lark's song, and the wind-driven straw; questioning their old mothers, the spring sky, and the feeling of the day.

"Ah!" I think, "I shall find it in the lambs——"

And I stay a long while leaning over the hurdles, laughing with them. See this old lady call her own, looking round with her yellow eyes; and how they run, and fall on their knees beneath her where she stands like an incarnation of the tranquillity of fields, and butt her with their little black noses, and wag their tails in an ecstasy of life. And how they lie down beside her!

And all the afternoon, and all the evening, when

the sun went down primrose color, and the west was one wide sheet of honey dew, and a sigh escaped from the earth and fell in mist on my face, and on the grass—I went on questioning.

And when the evening star came out, and the west faded, and the moonless sky turned blacker than an unhappy dream. . . . When that evening bird piped, and I was still driven to walk and walk until for sheer weariness my body gave up, and I could only stagger sideways . . . and my eyes searched the black sky where vapor stopped the shining of the stars—I went on questioning.

And the void drew me on till my heart cracked, and something tender as love itself escaped. . . .

If I had been a lilac-tree, a big green bud would have burst at that moment; if a bird—I would have soared!

Spring!

THE SEA.

A waste of water out to the line, tumbling like a broken floor; nothing that stays for any moment the same, shadows become sunshine, that pool of amber dipped to purple shadow—and yet a single, unchanging quality, a rhythm, a rise and fall like the eternal breathing of a quiet sleeper.

The sound of the sea. . . . Wind struggling in a submerged forest, the shudder of waterfalls, the draining of sacks of gold, a roar that makes one see trees snapping.

. . . Sometimes it all dies away to silence, as if the sea, a wanton woman, laid her head to rest for a moment; her golden hair fallen quiet in the sunshine, her blue eyes searching the wide sky. There is life frothing on her lips, desire in the curve and gleam of her white neck.

And a seagull screaming at her, hovering, scans her mood. And the wind begins to blow through her hair, her bosom to heave and swell, her lips to laugh. There is a white arm thrown up, flashing in Triumph.

Then she melts again—a sound of ravening waves and falling water, an ocean of flying lights.

WIND IN THE TREES.

The trees are talking! South-west wind, full rolling sky, heavy, low-breasted over the Downs.

A murmur like a far sea, a great concourse of sound; and over the country travel swift gleams of light, and over the tree-tops are revealed pools of divine spring blue. There are days early in the year when the fields throb with life, when they leap with each gleam of the sun; there is the moment in autumn—when life starts flowing away.

From every tree and hill that blue soul streams out.

A wood of beeches on the hillside, these at the edge tipped with russet; below them, dark against their silver trunks a dell of thick green ash and elderberry, with dwarf oak, and holly. The wind has gone to the bottom of that dell to-day; one yellow leaf has dropped down into the middle of their summer dream. And a wood pigeon flew out, its call sounds plaintive; what is it asking? Has it lost its mate?

One of the beech trees has turned a most passionate gold. But now the sheep are calling, and far away the cattle.

These breaks of blue in the clouds would quench the thirst of a God! It is the sky of Italian painters, the blue of an eternal youth and life . . . then why unrest in the trees?

They have heard the wind. It is a song of death in life they are singing; the green ashes have shuddered.

It is the song of eternal change. It carries a meaning from the purple woods to the flying thistle-down, from the strong sap in the trees to their shaking leaves; from the hills to the valleys, from the clouds to the earth, from our passionate hearts to our souls. It is the wildest, most glorious call, the hills and fields start flowing at its first shout; and beech trees shine with the naked gleam of spring.

A music that is sweet and heavy in one; as death is heavy, and life is sweet.

The song of *Eternal Change!*

DOROTHY EASTON.

Letters to the Editor.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Shortly after the outbreak of the revolution in China, in a leading article in THE NATION, you observed, with regard to the happenings here, that the wise man would be content to ask questions. Now, more than ever, is this true, and wise is he who knows what questions to ask.

(1) Eighteen months ago, the Administration was laying great stress on education. A conference of enthusiasts was held in Peking, and a memorandum was drawn up containing a complete scheme of education, from the Kindergarten to the University. It was largely a copy of the Japanese plan. The Government middle schools had more students than ever before, all being admitted at rates which were hardly enough to pay for their maintenance, much less provide anything for the salaries of the staff, the deficit being made up by the Provincial Government. No county town was considered perfect which did not possess at least one middle school.

This year orders have come from Peking that only four middle schools are to be opened in Szechuan, one at each of the two great cities of Chengtu and Chungking, one in the West and one in the East. As a consequence, two of the middle schools in this city were amalgamated, and the numbers reduced to less than one-half. The middle schools in all the small towns round about have been closed. Mission schools, not being subject to the control of the Government, have been besieged with applicants.

In a recent examination for applicants for the position of county magistrate, the only successful candidates were those who had been educated in the old style, all the students who had received their training in Japan being plucked.

It is possible that the Government is dissatisfied with the amount of attention that has been given to the study of Chinese in the schools. Since the revolution this has been reduced a good deal, the actual schedule time, according to the Peking manifesto, being only five hours a week.

In this respect, many mission schools have acted as a preserver of what is best in China's classics, double this amount of time having been given to the study of Chinese in some schools known to the writer. Previous to the Revolution, mission schools were generally behind those of the Government in Chinese instruction, but in the last two years they have been well ahead.

Laotse, the reputed author of the "Tao Te Ching," says: "That people are hard to govern is due to their having too much knowledge." Can it be that the Confucianists are beginning to see that there is some truth in the ideas of their opponents, the Taoists?

(2) This brings us on to our second question. "China," said Professor Giles, in "The Civilization of China," quoting a high authority, "has always been at the highest rung of the democratic ladder." This was before the Revolution. With an autocratic President in power in Peking, and the once-despised soldier in evidence everywhere, can it still be said that China, though a Republic in name, is democratic? In answering this question, the following incident may be of value. Some weeks ago, a few soldiers were returning from a visit into the country, when one of them (drunk) entered a farmer's house, and ill-treated the occupants. In this he was backed up by his comrades, who remained outside, egging him on. The local headmen heard of the affair, and sent an accusation to the general, who resides in the city, three miles away, across the river. The next day, several tens of soldiers from the same regiment came out to the village, intending to beat the headmen for daring to interfere with their doings. The latter fled to the premises of a mission school, and from there sent a further accusation to the general by a different route. This secured the punishment of the offender. There is a good deal of real honest self-government in the village communities, and there are still men who stand up for righteousness, and persist in demanding justice, in spite of the fact that the country is dominated by ignorant, profligate soldiery. As the Chinese

have always recognized, "Good government springs from the gentleman; anarchy from the knave."

(3) How is the education of China to be effected? Now, more than ever, is the opportunity of the mission schools. Students are flocking to them, convinced that, whatever happens, in most cases these will continue, and realizing more than ever the superior value of the teaching to be derived therein. The teachers are, however, inadequate in number; trained men are badly needed. The Chinese student is, as Lord Bryce indicated, dead in earnest, and if his Government denies him the opportunity of securing the training he needs, he will go where he can get it—to the mission schools. Lord William Cecil is much to be sympathized with in the apparent failure of his scheme for a British University in Hankow. It is to be hoped that his eleventh-hour appeal will produce the result he desires and deserves, but dare hardly hope for.

There is a different spirit among many of the students in the schools to-day; they realize, to some extent, their lack of training, and are eagerly reading books like the translation of Lord Bryce's lectures to the students at Yale on "Citizenship," while Liang Chi Ch'ao's articles on Mazzini are also popular.—Yours, &c.,

GUTHLAC.

Chungking, China, April 11th, 1914.

EPIROTES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I fail to understand why Lieut.-Colonel Haywood wishes me to appeal for sympathy only for the people whom he is pleased to call "Epirotes." In the name of humanity, sympathy and help should be given to all the victims of Greek intrigues, be they Moslem or Christian. He refuses to credit the news I receive, but admits, in the same breath, that he is not in communication yet with the district. I, on the other hand, have corresponded with Koritza (or Kortcha, if he prefer it) for ten years. We have yet to learn the length of his acquaintance with it.

The telegram I quoted in my last letter was signed by Midhat Bey, of Frasheri. As this gentleman was sent by the International Commission of Control, we may take it that they, as well as myself, consider him a reliable witness. Being a native of one of the suffering districts, he has a thorough insight into its state and is not likely to be misled by Greek agents.

I could quote many other native witnesses, but as Lieutenant-Colonel Haywood appears to doubt their word, I may add that their reports are fully confirmed by Mr. Kennedy, of the American Mission, a gentleman whose truthfulness I have no reason to doubt. He went straight to the spot so soon as summoned, to feed as many of the destitute as his fund permitted. That he found large numbers of persons whose villages have been plundered and burnt, is beyond reasonable doubt. Surely Lieutenant-Colonel Haywood does not wish us to believe that these people had themselves destroyed their property, in order to spite him and his friends? Mr. Kennedy says: "I asked the people wherever I went if they wanted autonomy, and did not find one who desired it." Mr. Kennedy speaks Albanian, and doubtless receives information other than that which is imparted by a Greek dragoman.

That the dislike of Greek doings is not confined to Moslems, the following telegram from a number of Christian Albanians will show: "Coritza (sic) May 16th. For nearly six months Greek intrigues have made our district the scene of the calamities and miseries of war with all its outrages. The International Commission recognized that Koritza, Argyrocastro, and Leskovik belong to Albania. In spite of this the Greeks refused to evacuate South Albania, inventing the Epirote question, which deceives no one. In this agitation and in the attacks on this district which she partly evacuated, Greece has had one object—the ruin of our country. The districts of Delvino, Kolonia, Permeti, and Leskovik are the scene of these misfortunes. The populations are in the mountains, and women and children are dying of hunger. The Greeks who had discharged their fury on the Moslems alone, now turn their hatred on the Christian Albanians, also ruining our villages. In certain districts the Greeks have also destroyed churches, hoping by this means to accuse the Albanians. All this makes our lives intolerable. We,

therefore, venture to address ourselves to the humane sympathies and equity of the Great Powers." This is signed by: Petro Thanas, Nikola Nachi, Kristo Kirka, Gagio Peco, T. Germenej, A. Tertulli, Refail Avram, Kristo Dako, Father Josefi, and twenty-two others. I omit their names merely to save space.

Lieutenant-Colonel Haywood seems to believe that the spelling of the name Kortcha or Koritza affects its nationality. It is spelt both ways by Albanians. But, as he is doubtless aware, the true spelling is Goritza, Servian for "a little hill," and has nothing to do with Greek.

The manner in which the Greek attack on that town was planned is of great interest. When pretending to evacuate, the Greeks left a hospital with twenty-three "male nurses," and three officers and a Greek telegraphist, with a military line communicating with the army in case "medical supplies" should be required. A well-known Andarti, Captain Sullé, was left disguised as the Bishop's kavas. Lieutenant Papdaki, of the "hospital," arranged matters. "Ten days before the Greek attack, the Dutch commander, Major Snellen, gave orders that all rifles should be given up. The Bishop, at the Major's request, gave this notice in church, but privately threatened the people with a fine if they gave up their rifles. The Greek attack began at 2.30 a.m., on Thursday, April 2nd. Fortunately, the Albanians were not off their guard." Briefly, the attack, started and led by Lieutenant Papadaki and Captain Sullé, was beaten back by the Albanians. Whereupon "supplies" were sent to the "hospital" in the shape of Greek troops and machine guns, and stiff fighting took place. The Greek force was led by Colonel Mavraza. A Greek officer, Lieutenant Papamihail, was killed. Large Albanian reinforcements came up, and, together with the gendarmerie, captured the Greek Bishop's palace and made him surrender his arms and ammunition, and finally dislodged the Greeks.

As Lieutenant-Colonel Haywood doubts the word of all Albanians, he can have this confirmed by an American, Mr. Spencer, who took part in the defence of the town. And also by Captains Snellen and Doorman. The Albanian word is good enough for me.

In one point I agree heartily with Lieutenant-Colonel Haywood. "Them as breaks, pays," is a good motto. The sooner his "wealthy and benevolent Greeks" pay a heavy compensation for the damage they have done the better.—Yours, &c.,

M. E. DURHAM.

June 2nd, 1914.

A SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE DEPUTATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—By the time this letter reaches you, a deputation, representing the native races of the Union of South Africa, will have arrived in London. The deputation is headed by the Rev. John Dube and Dr. Rubusana (both natives), and its object is to lay before the Imperial Government certain information respecting the operation of the Natives Land Act, passed last year, and the increasing tension which is arising between the native and white races, owing, chiefly, to the operation of the Land Act. The object of that Act—which was passed in a very hurried manner, and in spite of widespread protests—was to provide, in the words of the late Minister of Native Affairs, "that the bulk of the two races, the European and the native, should live, in the main, in separate areas," save, of course, when the native is hired for labor by the Europeans. The natives themselves do not object to this so much in principle, but rather to the unjust methods by which the object is sought to be attained. For example, the scheduled areas set apart for natives are likely to prove utterly inadequate to their growing needs. In the Transvaal, for example, the total scheduled native area is 883,000 morgen, or less than three-quarters of a morgen per head of the native population. The area outside the scheduled portion is 32,149,000 morgen, for a very much smaller white population. In the Orange Free State the total scheduled (native) area is 74,289 morgen, or less than a quarter of a morgen per native head, while the total outside area is 15,168,700 morgen, again with a much smaller white population. Taking the whole of the Union, the land set apart for the native races, which constitute more than

two-thirds of the total population, amounts to less than one-twelfth part of the total area.

But there is this further difficulty and injustice—that in the Transvaal alone there are 200,000 natives outside the scheduled (native) areas who occupy land which, in many cases, they have hitherto regarded as their own by tribal usage or ancestral inheritance, but to which, under the Act, they have no legal title. Fortunately, in the districts most affected in the Transvaal, the Act has not yet been put into operation. What will happen when it is, and these 200,000 natives are driven into the "pale," no one knows.

But the trouble has already begun. Mr. Dube tells me that in other parts of the country some thousands of natives have been evicted from their homes. Many of these have migrated to other districts; many have been compelled, by sheer stress of circumstance, to hire themselves out as laborers to neighboring European farmers in order to gain shelter and protection (a method of obtaining "forced labor" which cannot, in justice, be defended); and others have been driven to sleep in the bush until they could gather material enough to make a rude shelter. And the trouble is spreading, and is likely to spread still more. Mr. Meyler, a Natal Member, speaking in the House of Assembly the other day, said: "The natives could not get into the locations, because there was no room for them, and they could not rent any land. There were many natives at the present day in Natal who were under notice to quit at the end of the reaping season, or about July or August, and where would they go? There was nowhere to go, and the alternative was that the rents went up 25 per cent., and the Land Act was used to rack-rent these people. Notice had been given to some of them that, if they wanted to stay on the Kraal, they must give six months' labor. If the magistrate ordered the huts to be pulled down, there would be trouble."

I will leave the reader to imagine the state of hopeless indignation into which many of the natives are drifting. The afore-time trust in the "white man's justice" is being undermined. I do not suppose that the Government wishes to push matters to extremes, and I understand that instructions have been issued to magistrates to be careful and circumspect in the administration of the Act. All the same, we are pursuing a blind policy not only in opposition to the best native opinion, but in the teeth of protest and advice from the best friends and representatives of the natives. I do not wish to write as an alarmist, but I must say that most of those here who are in close touch with native feeling and opinion look upon the position towards which we seem to be drifting with very grave apprehension.

My object in writing is to bespeak the sympathy of the readers of THE NATION with the objects of the deputation, and to express the hope that they will assist it in bringing such Imperial influence and pressure to bear on the Union Government as will secure either a modification of the Act, or the suspension of its provisions, pending the report of the Land Act Commission, now touring the country. I may say that the deputation has the sympathy and support of many of the Churches, as expressed by formal resolutions, and also of the newly-formed South African Society, which embraces, I think, all the most trusted and experienced friends of the natives in this part of the country.—Yours, &c.,

RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

Cape Town, May 15th, 1914.

P.S.—It should be borne in mind that the natives have no direct representation in Parliament; that their leaders were not consulted in the drawing-up of the Land Bill; that the advice and protests of their friends in Parliament were ignored; and that they have no representative on the Land Act Commission—hence their appeal to the Imperial Government.—R. B.

PANAMA AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The opening of the Panama Canal at an early date must materially affect our relations with the Overseas Dominions, our distant possessions and colonies, and presents a problem that calls for the careful consideration of all those who have the interest of the Empire at heart.

This problem is the safeguarding of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, by an Imperial arrangement for defence, under the direction of the Admiralty: Great Britain, India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong-Kong, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa all contributing to maintain the number of ships required for defence, independently of an alliance with Japan, and of any complications that may occur in European waters.

For this purpose, we ought at once to consider fully the position of India and the Colonies in relation to the Empire, for unless the principle of such a scheme of defence, and the change of policy it involves, is accepted before the next meeting of the Imperial Conference, the deliberations of that important body may fail to lead to a complete solution of the problem.—Yours, &c.,

E. T. CHAPMAN (General).

Beech Hurst, Lingfield.
June 2nd, 1914.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As one of the strongest reasons for opposing vivisection seems to me to have been omitted in the otherwise excellent replies to Sir Ronald Ross's article on "Experiments on Animals," this must be my excuse for asking you to prolong the correspondence.

Sir Ronald Ross imagines that he has put the question in its universal aspect by showing that there are other forms of cruelty in the world, some unavoidable. Personally, I object to vivisection, chiefly, not on account of its cruelty, but because I cordially dislike and distrust the whole philosophy of which it is a part—a philosophy which supposes that specialized experts, living, for the most part, outside of real life, and often completely ignorant of the things in the universe best worth knowing, are in a position to tell the rest of the world how it should live. To-day, the experts, of whom the vivisector is a particularly disagreeable type, are becoming a menace to public liberties, and are responsible for degrading humanity by creating in the minds of a large section of the population a constant fear of disease—a fear which not only renders them more liable to disease, but also inspires them to treat those who are ill as social outcasts, to be herded together in public institutions.

The advocates of vivisection attempt to defend a practice from which all decent men and women instinctively recoil with horror, on the grounds that a certain amount of pain may legitimately be inflicted on animals in the hope that human beings may benefit.

There is no standard of which I know by which pain can be measured, or by which it can be ascertained how much may morally be inflicted on one creature with the object of benefiting another, any more than we can say of how much happiness one individual should be deprived in order to add to the happiness of some other.

The deliberate infliction of pain is always an evil, whether inflicted in the preparation of food or in the satisfaction of scientific curiosity, and must degrade not only those who practise it, but must also degrade and corrupt any science in whose name it is perpetrated.

The defenders of vivisection claim that by its aid much useful knowledge has been acquired, a contention which, in my opinion, has never been substantiated. But even though all their claims were indisputably established, this only amounts to empirical attempts to palliate certain diseases. How much further might the medical profession have gone towards eradicating disease altogether if the same amount of energy and skill had been devoted to the study of the laws of health!

Clearly, disease can be successfully combated only by a knowledge of the laws of health and by the realization of individual responsibility for our abominable social conditions. Bad housing and bad sanitation, rich and too generous feeding at the one end of the social scale, poor and insufficient food at the other, unhealthy thought and overwrought nerves, are the principal causes of ill-health—and all these can be eradicated only by individual effort to live rightly, not by the infliction of suffering on defenceless animals.—Yours, &c.,

HARRY DE PASS.

7E, Grove End Road, N.W.
June 3rd, 1914.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a recent number, under the heading of "Science," is an article written by Sir Ronald Ross, in the defence, or even praise, of vivisection. It seems to me to be written on the indefensible basis that two wrongs make a right. In other words, that because there are so many ways of torturing animals already existing, add one more.

It is, indeed, only too true that many hundreds of animals and birds are horribly tortured for the reasons cited by Sir Ronald Ross, which he so much deplores. He should bear in mind that other people deplore them, too, and that steps have been taken by societies and individuals to mitigate the evils he mentions.

(1) Food. Many butchers now use the humane killer. The S.P.C.A. have this matter well in hand.

(2) Furs, feathers, &c. The recent outcry—supported by your own paper—against the osprey trade shows the trend of public opinion.

(3) For instruction or amusement. There is a growing feeling against menageries and performing animals; witness the recent outcry at the Palace Theatre, London, over the performing bears, which has its echoes in the provinces; moreover, the feeling against hunting and shooting is much more prevalent than formerly with the man in the street.

(4) For the provision of labor. Recent legislation has increased severe penalties for cruelty to horses, especially pit ponies; and also motor vehicles will eventually put a stop to the drawing of all heavy loads by animals.

(5) To protect crops from ravages. This case, as Sir R. Ross himself points out, gives rise to a question of philosophy which is hardly on a par with the other four cases.

Surely, it is rather a curious way to plead for the remedy of these evils by adding another!—Yours, &c.,

W. L. WOODWARD.

248, Lenton Sands, Nottingham.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Sir Ronald Ross says that men cause trouble, fear, pain, and death to animals (1) for food; (2) for their fur, feathers, and other products; (3) for our instruction and amusement, or as pets—as in cases of sport—caged birds, menageries, and animals trained for shows; (4) for the provision of labor, as with draught animals and cab-horses; (5) to protect our crops from their ravages; (6) for scientific purposes.

He says he believes that more pain is caused to animals under any one of the first five headings in one week than is caused to animals by science in one year. Well, some of the most eminent medical and scientific men deny that experiments on animals are scientific on the ground of differences of structure and function between one animal and another, and between all animals and man. Certainly, the cruelty of laboratory experiments—baking animals alive, sometimes by quick, sometimes slow fires; holding their paws in a gas jet—exceed anything done in the very worst form of sport, and it is certain that many very shocking brutalities are performed from a curiosity that is absolutely childish. Moreover, inoculation experiments are shockingly cruel, and the attempt to suggest the contrary is very disingenuous.

To suggest that opposition to experiments on animals is either hysterical sentimentalism or obscurantism is very unworthy reasoning. Dogs, I have no doubt, will be quite certainly exempted from the tender mercies of the vivisector before long, for they have very influential friends. I wish all the other animals had. The various antitoxin injections are claimed as great scientific victories of animal experimentation. Well, every week there is pretty sure to be an inquest on some unfortunate victim of this, that, or the other serum. No doubt there are many other deaths from the same causes, but they pass unnoticed, because they do not occur near enough to the time of the injection. I hope the time will come when there will be sure to be someone at least on juries who can ask these so-called scientists some perplexing questions.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MARRIOTT.

249, Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill.

"SHADOWS OF GREAT NAMES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While I agree with a great deal in your article on "The Shadow of Great Names," yet, before you begin the terrible war of repression suggested in your closing words, I hope you will let me suggest a very few reasons why this unfortunate class, the children of men of genius, should be allowed a continued existence. I quite agree that if the son or daughter of a man of genius attempts to achieve exactly what his or her father achieved, failure will be the result; while if they claim the same consideration from the public which their parents received, they must be fools.

But, surely, if the man of genius has had the proper intimacy with his children, he will have given them some hints which he had not given to the world at large—hints which they may pass on to others with special effect.

Secondly, a great man will naturally draw round him people of intellectual distinction, and their influence must count for something in the lives of the children.

Finally, though the inspiration of the father's life may not stir the children to works of genius, it may give an impulse to efforts which they could not otherwise have made. Have I not made out a *prima-facie* case for the possible usefulness of this despised class?—Yours, &c.,

C. E. MAURICE.

Eirene Cottage, Gainsborough Gardens, Hampstead.
May 31st, 1914.

TRADE UNIONISM AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mrs. Fawcett states in her letter: "The Liberal machine is not for woman suffrage; the Labor machine is."

If this statement be correct, why do not trade unions give their women the vote for their Labor Parliament, that is the Trade Union Congresses? Why do they not invite their women to vote for or against strikes?

They are in a position to prove that they are "for woman suffrage," but it is difficult to believe it, as long as proof is not forthcoming. If it did, it would help the suffrage movement more than anything else.—Yours, &c.,

C. THIEME.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place, S.W.
June 14th, 1914.

LETTERS OF EDMUND BURKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am engaged in the preparation of a definitive edition of the correspondence of Edmund Burke, and seek the hospitality of your columns in order to ask any of your readers who possess original letters kindly to communicate with me.—Yours, &c.,

LEWIS MELVILLE.

1, Rutland House, 53, Charleville Road,
West Kensington, W.
June 1st, 1914.

SUMMER SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I call the attention of your readers to the forthcoming United Summer School of Social Service Unions, to be held at Swanwick from June 20th to 29th, an advertisement of which appears in another column? Swanwick is already becoming a household word, and among the most valuable gatherings have been those in which the members of different Churches have met to consider matters of common interest. The atmosphere of frank companionship and friendliness is most to be welcomed when it joins those who have passed most of their life, religiously, in separate "compartments." This Summer School, as the similar ones held the last two years, will be attended by Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and members of all the Nonconformist Churches. The Lord Bishop of Oxford is the President of the Conference and will give an address on Sunday afternoon. On the same platform will be the Rev. Dr. Garvie and the Rev. Charles Plater, S.J. The discussions during the week will deal with the subject of "Land and Labor," a subject of urgent and vital importance to the Churches and to the nation at the present time. Papers will be read by such distinguished authorities as Mr. H. G. Wood, Professor W. J.

Ashley, Mr. George Edwards, Mr. Charles Roden Buxton, Mr. P. Lloyd-Greame, Mr. Christopher Turnor, Mr. J. Nugent Harris, Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree, Mr. Raymond Unwin, Mr. J. W. Hills, M.P., Mr. E. Richard Cross, Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., Mr. J. St. George Heath. Full time is reserved for questions and discussion; and as workers from many environments will be present, the discussions will be of the greatest interest and value. But the most important feature of the School is that the problem is discussed with a definitely Christian understanding and purpose, in order to emphasize the underlying spiritual significance of all true social reform. It is no attempt to advocate a specific remedy; it is a means of turning the light of Christian experience and conviction on one of the obscurest and most urgent problems that the Christian Church of to-day has to face. I shall be pleased to give further information to any who desire it.—Yours, &c.,

LUCY GARDNER, Hon. Sec.

92, St. George's Square, London, S.W.
May 30th, 1914.

Poetry.

THE ORCHID.

A PALE, white orchid in a meadow green;
So fair a child of earth I have not seen;
Not the orient lily, nor, in some still lake,
The marble dream that dream-soft breezes break;
And there, where beauty dwelt, I could not tell
What beauty was, nor whence its sovran spell.
She reigned apart; for her the meadow made
A grassy inlet under hazel-shade—
Spread there her dew-cold bed of chastity.
Her white breasts suckled not the amber bee;
With her the winged Argus might not mix
In love; nor, clasped with fourfold sardonix,
Throw o'er her naked limbs his flame-bright shield.
Only the floating fleeces of the field
Dropped at her feet their thin veil, rainbow-scarved.
Her's was a sceptre all of ivory carved,
Without one gem; yet ivory were dull flesh
Matched with her delicate lustre; not so fresh
A virgin, when the May-morn waketh new,
Stole forth, to bathe her body in the dew.
Oh, more unblemished and more finely wrought;
If virginal, a virgin's vestal thought.
You tell me that all this, and more, is vain;
That I interpret only to profane;
That there's no skill of art that can express
The silent language which is loveliness.
More eloquent than speech are lips that kiss;
The topmost pinnacle of song must miss
The height of heights, and fall in ruin dumb.
And yet delight at last grows burdensome,
Except it find relief in utterance.
So let my verse steal on that sacred trance
Wherein you worship. Not without some breath,
To speed the oars, my small bark laboreth
Back to that happy haven, where the flower
Lifted above green waves her ivory tower.
She had distilled her efflorescence bright
Of leafy shadow and of starry night;
Lulled by the golden slumber of the noon,
Kissed by the silent passion of the moon,
The youth of earth was in her taintless breath,
And she had risen like a soul from death.
All powers, that blest her, loved with little heed,
And, ere the mower came, she withered with the seed.

GEOFFREY COOKSON.

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WITHIN the next few weeks the eleventh volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" will be published by the Cambridge University Press. It is mainly concerned with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burke, and other poets and politicians who were influenced by the French Revolution, but it will also contain sections on Burns, Cowper, Crabbe, Blake, Bentham, and Southey.

SEVERAL other promising volumes are announced by the same firm. Mr. W. R. Lamb's "Clio Enthroned" is a fresh study of the style of Thucydides and of the literary influences under which his work was composed. Professor E. G. Browne, in "The Press and Poetry of Persia," gives specimens of modern Persian patriotic poetry, together with a complete list of Persian newspapers. "Philosophy: What Is It?" by Mr. F. B. Jevons, contains five lectures given under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association, and is intended to emphasize the importance of philosophy for the average man.

"ESSAYS BY HUBERT" is the title of a posthumous volume of essays by Mr. Hubert Bland which will be published shortly by Mr. Max Goschen. It will be made up of contributions to "The Sunday Chronicle," and will contain an introduction by Mr. Cecil Chesterton.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are about to issue an English translation by Mr. C. K. Ogden of Dr. Hans Driesch's "The History and Theory of Vitalism." Dr. Driesch has revised and in part re-written the work for this English edition, and it will be found that he has modified some of the philosophical views which he advocated in his Gifford Lectures, particularly in regard to mechanical physics and metaphysics.

ANTHOLOGIES have had a great vogue for some time past in the world of books, and their compilers have sometimes chosen odd enough subjects. But the theme of "Memorabilia Mathematica, or the Philomath's Quotation-Book," published last week by Messrs. Macmillan, could only commend itself to a very ardent lover of what the "New English Dictionary" defines as "the abstract science which investigates deductively the conclusions implicit in the elementary conceptions of spatial and numerical relations." That Professor R. E. Moritz is such a lover is proved by the enthusiasm that has led him to give ten years to his task, years, he tells us, "which if they could have been more profitably, could scarcely have been more pleasurably employed." As a result he has brought together over a thousand passages

pertaining to mathematics, by poets, philosophers, historians, statesmen, men of science, and mathematicians, from Plato and St. Augustine to Edgar Allan Poe and Lord Kelvin. Over three hundred writers are represented, and the quotations have been chosen so as to make the book a repository of information about what Professor Moritz calls "one of the most time-honored, and even to-day the most active and most fruitful of all the sciences, the queen-mother of all the sciences, that is, mathematics."

SOME of the claims made on behalf of mathematics will no doubt appear excessive to those who have not studied the science. Bacon's contention that mathematics make men subtle, and that they are a good discipline for wandering wits, or Napoleon's that the advancement and perfection of mathematics are intimately connected with the prosperity of the State, may be admitted without hesitation. But those who have enjoyed the acquaintance of mathematicians will demur at Arbuthnot's assertion that the science frees the mind "from prejudice, credulity, and superstition," or Dr. Rush's that it "destroys the predisposition to anger." And these are but a few of the claims advanced. We are told that "good arithmetic contributes powerfully to the elements that make up efficient citizenship"; that mathematics, so far from being detached from life, are "the ideal handling of the problems of life, as sculpture may idealize a human figure or as poetry or painting may idealize a figure or a scene"; and that "he who knows not mathematics and the results of recent investigation, dies without knowing truth." One enthusiast goes so far as to urge that theology will be superseded by mathematics. "There is no prophet," he writes, "which preaches the superpersonal God more plainly than mathematics." After this we are prepared for the eulogy of Novalis: "Mathematics is the life supreme. All divine messengers are mathematicians. Pure mathematics is a religion."

PERHAPS the most surprising benefit obtained from the pursuit of mathematics is that, according to Professor J. J. Sylvester, by bringing into harmonious action all the faculties of the human mind, it conduces to extraordinary longevity. Lord Kelvin believed that the science helps to a correct judgment on practical affairs, that it is, in fact, "the etherealization of common sense." De Morgan was of opinion that "it is easier to square the circle than to get round a mathematician." The value of mathematics as a social asset is urged by an Indian sage, who says: "As the sun eclipses the stars by his brilliancy, so the man of knowledge will eclipse the fame of others in assemblies of the people if he proposes algebraic problems, and still more if he solves them." That this fame is not always certain, is taught us by another Indian sage, who, writing on the solution of cubic equations, explains that "the solution of such questions as these depends on correct judgment, aided by the assistance of God." As the non-mathematical reader contemplates the many advantages denied to him, he can only console himself by remembering with Isaak Walton that the mathematics is so like angling that it can never be fully learnt. Or he can echo Pope's line:—

"Ah! why, ye gods, should two and two make four?"

AMONG the eulogists of mathematics included in Professor Moritz's book is Roger Bacon, the seventh centenary of whose birth is to be celebrated at Oxford on Wednesday next. As we announced some time ago, Bacon's memory will be honored in the world of books by a collection of essays from the Clarendon Press, dealing with his work and influence. In addition to this, the English Positivist Committee have issued through Messrs. Williams & Norgate a separate reprint of the "Introduction" which the late Dr. Bridges prefixed to his edition of the "Opus Majus," published in 1897. This reprint, which is entitled "The Life and Work of Roger Bacon," has been edited by Mr. H. Gordon Jones, who has supplemented the original form of the work by footnotes and extracts from a lecture on Bacon by Dr. Bridges, to be found in his collected "Essays and Addresses." The English Positivist Committee issue the book "in the belief that it constitutes the most adequate general estimate of the life and work of the great Franciscan in our language."

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Reviews.

THE RIDDLE OF THE ILIAD.

✓ "The Composition of the Iliad: An Essay on a Numerical Law in its Structure." By AUSTIN SMYTH. (Longmans. 6s. net.)

"What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond conjecture."

Of the puzzles which perplexed and delighted antiquity, and which continue to perplex and delight the modern world of scholars, the Homeric poems are perhaps the most abundant source. The problems which they raise are unsurpassed in their variety and vitality. No one need despair of finding a new problem to solve, or of advancing the solution of an old problem. No one need lose heart if an attractive solution breaks down. The problem is never ending. It ramifies into infinite branches, each productive. It is the search that matters and repays, not the attainment.

Where was Homer born? When did he live? These were suitable and suggestive topics for Athenian and Alexandrian dilettanti. What was the orthodox and canonical text of the Iliad and the Odyssey? What lines or passages should be athetized, obelized, or otherwise marked as spurious or doubtful? What havoc was made in the text by the additions, suppressions, and transpositions of "arrangers" or editors? Over these questions the librarians and grammarians of Alexandria spent laborious days and nights. But the respect due to tradition and to sacred or semi-sacred scriptures still kept Alexandrian critics within comparatively orthodox lines. The school of the "separators," the supporters of Xenon's paradox that the Homer of the Iliad was different from the Homer of the Odyssey, appear to have been in a small minority, and to have been regarded as heretics. It was reserved for our own times to propound a more audacious paradox, and to distinguish, not merely between the persons, but between the sexes of the two Homers. Who but a woman, it was asked, would describe so sketchily in the Odyssey the masculine operation of setting sail, or would devote such minute and loving attention, evidently based on practical experience, to the details of washing and storing raiment? And those wanderings of Odysseus—does not a lady's cruise in a cock-boat round a single Sicilian promontory account for all the scenes? This was the paradox of Samuel Butler.

After the great days of Aristarchus, Alexandrian criticism of Homer fell into less competent hands. Learning decayed, and at last the successors of the Alexandrian grammarians deserted the field of Homer for the fiercer and less profitable controversies of theology. The great critics of Homer were silent, and, if we count from the death of Aristarchus, their silence lasted during some two thousand years. For with the revival of learning in Europe, Homeric criticism did not recommence. The "higher" Homeric criticism of recent times, the criticism which has taken a bolder flight than was ever contemplated by Alexandrian scholars, practically dates from the publication of Wolf's "Prolegomena" at the end of the eighteenth century. Since then its labors and speculations have been incessant and prolific, first in Germany, and afterwards in the more cautious and conservative England also. It was Grote who first popularized in England the "interpolation" theory, the theory that an original kernel was expanded by extensive additions and interpolations into what we know as the Iliad. Among later English scholars, possibly Monro, though his learning is only equalled by his caution, more certainly Jebb and Mr. Walter Leaf, but with many variations and reservations, may be counted as adherents of the same school. Andrew Lang, always the chivalrous champion of lost or losing causes, waged a lifelong fight for the unity of Homer, and Mr. Mackail's leanings are strongly towards the same side. Of the revolutionary left wing, Professor Gilbert Murray's delightful essays may be treated as representative. But all these scholars treat their conclusions as provisional, and punctuate them with doubts and queries. Hermann, the founder of the "interpolationist" theory, does not seem to have thought it possible to restore the original Homeric

kernel. Mr. Leaf, who suggests for consideration a tabulated view of the whole Iliad, showing the original poem and the successive stages of subsequent accretions, remarks that "notes of interrogation might be freely scattered over the page." Possibilities, probabilities, rather than certainties, are the aim of "higher criticism," and it is not only by bold and brilliant guesses, but by careful and patient testing, that it has, in so many fields of literature, revolutionized the modern point of view.

And now an accomplished Cambridge scholar, who happens to be Librarian of the House of Commons, claims to have solved the riddle of the Iliad, and to have found the long-lost key for which, during thousands of years, search has been made in vain. Sitting at his table, half a bow-shot from the Speaker's chair, with shelves after shelves of Blue Books, Hansards, Law Reports, and suchlike dryasdustean tomes by his side, behind him dictionaries of familiar quotations to be used as arsenals for Parliamentary impromptus, pestered by questions from importunate Members, Mr. Austin Smyth found leisure to meditate on the great problem of the composition of the Iliad. At last he discovered the solution. It is based on arithmetic, and shall be stated in his own words:—

"The object of this essay," he says in the preface, "is to demonstrate that the Iliad of Homer at one time consisted of 13,500 lines, neither more nor less, divided into 45 sections of 300 verses each, with major divisions after the 15th and 30th of these; from which it follows that the remaining 2,193 verses, which appear in our present texts, are more recent additions, and ought to be removed."

This original poem, stripped of its accretions, is, it may be observed, considerably longer than the 3,400 lines which Mr. Leaf suggests as having formed the kernel of the Iliad.

The simplicity and audacity of Mr. Smyth's proposition—for he calls it a proposition, not a hypothesis—are staggering. "Too neat to be true" is the first reflection it suggests, and perhaps the last.

But what a rapturous moment the first discovery of the clue must have been! What an enviable experience in one's life! You have been musing and gazing for months and years, and then—the clouds are riven by a sudden lightning flash. "And all the high peaks stand out, and the jutting promontories and glens, and above the sky the infinite heaven breaks open." And the original cantos of the great poem are disclosed in orderly and symmetrical array, and in the scholar's midriff there is joy.

A fascinating hypothesis, developed and demonstrated with admirable ingenuity and vivacity. Mr. Smyth knows his Iliad by heart. He describes its episodes with dramatic vigor, and points out and emphasizes their consistencies and inconsistencies. Some of his cantos reel themselves off trippingly enough. Strike out an obelized line or pair of lines here, suppress a genealogy or a lengthy reminiscence of Nestor there, and, hey, presto! the trick is done, and you have your 300 lines measured out exactly. Elsewhere the task is not so easy, and extensive transpositions are necessary. The battle of the gods must be transferred to an earlier book. Thersites, with his railings and buffetings, has also to be moved up. But Book II. was always a puzzle to critics, and obviously needs drastic treatment. So ingeniously and persuasively is it all done, that at the end one is almost charmed into the belief that the solution of a tough but not insoluble problem has been successfully achieved.

And yet, and yet, doubts will arise. Is there any instance in the long history of poetry of any great poem constructed in accordance with exact arithmetical rules? The well-known symmetries of the Divine Comedy at once occur as a parallel, but they are very different. It is suggested that division into exactly equal sections or cantos was a helpful guide to a band of reciters, one taking up where the other dropped. But, if so, how, and when, and why, was the memory of such a useful guide so completely lost? And are 300 lines an ideal length for a single reciter? Measure the recitation of ten lines with a stop watch, and you will find that it will take about forty seconds. On this computation, 300 lines would take about twenty minutes; quite long enough for a sermon or for a Parliamentary speech. But a Homeric bard with his lyre, a rhapsode with his wand, could almost perform the task standing on one foot. And

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to an Oriental story-teller, squatting on his haunches, it would be a mere nothing. But this is a question of the endurance of reciters and the patience of an audience, and it may be that Mr. Smyth's allowance is suitable and sufficient.

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DURING the last ten years or so, a new school of thought has arisen which has insisted on foreign policy and international relations being judged and criticized in the light of modern social and economic developments. Democracy, finding its power increasing over legislation and administration, has begun to ask why the craft of diplomacy should be completely withheld from its control, why the causes of international suspicion and hostility should be mysteries of state about which it is indiscreet to inquire, and why expenditure on armaments continues to mount up at an unparalleled rate, while the peoples themselves are quite unaware of having any reason for quarrels or differences. At the same time, modern warfare is being subjected to a fresh analysis in view of the new and intimate ties which now bind nations together, while the ramifications of modern finance have a growing tendency to draw together into economic and commercial unity all the civilized countries of the world. It was time, therefore, that all these new and important considerations should be co-ordinated and examined with a view to demonstrating the folly and danger of pretending that we can continue with old methods, use antiquated instruments, and adhere to our old standards, when time and circumstances have so greatly changed.

Mr. Brailsford discusses the whole problem in all its bearings in this book, and it would be difficult to find anyone better suited to undertake such a task. Not only is he a close student of foreign affairs, but he has a sympathetic appreciation of foreign national character, arising from personal experiences abroad. This frees him from that fatal insularity of outlook which vitiates the judgment of so many Englishmen. This book covers nearly the whole field, and the author directs the searchlight of a progressive and critical mind into the realm of foreign affairs, which has remained too long a dark and mysterious region, into which even those who are closely interested in public affairs have hesitated to penetrate. In his first and last chapters, he contrasts very effectively the two great fundamental principles of foreign policy, viz., the Balance of Power and the Concert of Europe. His uncompromising condemnation of the former is unanswerable, and is particularly relevant at the present moment, when, since the temporary settlement of the Balkan troubles, there is an evident disposition to drift back again into the disastrous fallacy of believing it is high statesmanship to divide Europe into two hostile armed camps, watching one another with suspicion and jealousy.

"One may doubt," he writes, "whether any statesman in his own inner mind ever desired a balance, if the word means what it conveys—an exact equipoise in force and influence among the Powers of Europe. What every statesman desires is that the scales of power shall be more heavily weighted on his own side. He begins to talk of balance when the scales descend on the other side. He piles a weight on his own side or snatches a weight from the other, but he never stops at the crucial moment when the scales are even. The balance is a metaphor of venerable hypocrisy which serves only to disguise the perennial struggle for power and predominance."

As to the Concert, he is in no way inclined to accept it as a panacea for all international troubles. He fully realizes its drawbacks and limitations. But he regards it as a preferable alternative, and sees in it the germs of that which may eventually prove to be the wisest and surest method of controlling in the interests of peace the varied and often conflicting aspirations of the European family. And, indeed, now that intercommunication is so rapid, the work of a council of international representatives is made infinitely easier, and provided the representatives are in reality representatives, not of a small governing section in each country, but of the people themselves, their authority will be effective and their decisions far more lasting. But the question is, How can the people's view be represented.

This brings us to control, perhaps the most important consideration of all. At present, we have class diplomacy; that is to say, in the author's words, "In all European countries foreign affairs are in the hands of a close bureaucracy, which is rarely amenable to any pressure but that of the small governing class and the financial interests allied to it." In addition to this, neither the electorate nor the House of Commons have any deciding voice in the matter whatsoever. While other Ministers have to stand the fire of criticism into the innermost recesses of their departmental administration, and into the smallest details of their projects of policy, the Foreign Secretary remains aloof, an almost absolute autocrat, not because he insists on maintaining this supreme power, but because his office has somehow remained in a backwater, untouched by the flood of advancing democracy, and retains the prerogatives and traditions of a past age. With regard to these two points, it may be noted that the organization of the diplomatic service is now being inquired into by the Royal Commission on the Civil Service, and whatever recommendations may be made, the public will soon have an opportunity of understanding, with the full facts before them, the serious danger of allowing the survival of a practice by which the whole management of foreign affairs is reserved for a more or less aristocratic section of the community in a democratically governed state. House of Commons control is another matter. At present the House is impotent at the vital moment, and is only allowed very restricted opportunities for discussing and criticizing the *fait accompli*, when the opinion of Parliament can have no influence whatever on decisions already taken. Radicals have insisted and continue to insist on the necessity of bringing foreign affairs and diplomacy into the fresh air of public discussion because they have faith in the moderating and pacific influence of democracies. But it seems to have escaped attention that a prominent Conservative statesman has adopted precisely the same line. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, speaking in Birmingham last February, said:—

"I sometimes ask myself whether in future it will not be necessary and indeed if it would not be a good thing that the Foreign Secretary should take the House of Commons in the first instance and his countrymen at large in the second, much more into his confidence than he has done in the past. . . . Can you rely that the whole of the people will rise to the height of a great emergency when you call upon them if there has been no previous preparation of their minds, if they themselves have been unable to follow the steps by which you have been driven to the conclusions at which you ultimately arrive?"

There is hope, therefore, that a change will come; and we are inclined to put more faith in the further opportunities that will be afforded to an unencumbered Imperial Parliament when a scheme of federal devolution has been completed, than in the establishment of a Special Committee of members for dealing with foreign affairs, a suggestion that is unlikely to find sufficient support in the near future to be immediately practicable.

It is impossible in a brief review to do more than mention some of the other engrossing issues raised in this well-timed and pertinent volume. Finance, its growing mastery, and the necessity for controlling it; the increased expenditure on armaments, and the artificial stimulus which encourages the creation of great navies; the various agencies that are making for peace—socialistic, anti-militarist, and pacifist. All these are dealt with, and the chapter on Egypt shows not only how our Egyptian policy has affected our relations with other powers, but how the ultimate object has been material, financial, and commercial. Egypt has been developed, while

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the Egyptians, taught to admire our magnificent achievements, are now less capable of governing their own country than when we came "to help" them, a generation ago.

Among the working class and those who cannot afford to buy expensive books, there has lately been, to the knowledge of the present writer, a repeated request for information with regard to all that concerns our foreign relations and the great issues of peace and war. Such things are no more difficult to understand than the intricacies of land tenure, housing, or insurance, and they are far more vital. "Tell us something about it: we want to know," is the pathetic demand. Well, here is a book, written by a man who, though he has profound knowledge, has also the reserve of an accomplished writer, who knows well how easy it is to confuse with unnecessary detail, and to bewilder by piling up masses of abstruse information. The book is written with a simplicity and clearness which places the subject well within the comprehension of any intelligent student of affairs. We should like to persuade Mr. Brailsford to issue at an early date a very cheap edition, which would have a large circulation among these very people whose desire is to learn more of matters which concern them so nearly, but about which they have hitherto been purposely kept ignorant. Education is the keynote of all the changes to which the author points. He has done well in leading the way towards a fuller comprehension of the governing features in the conduct of our foreign policy, and a truer estimate of the underlying motives in modern international relations.

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THE KRALITZA.

✓ "The Struggle for Scutari." By M. EDITH DURHAM. (Arnold. 14s. net.)

It is impossible for anyone who, like myself, has been associated with Miss Durham's work in Albania, to review this book with the admired "detachment" of ordinary ignorance. During part of the summer and autumn of 1911, after the rising of the Malsori, or mountaineers of Northern Albania, had been crushed down by the Young Turks in the usual Turkish manner, I had the opportunity of assisting Miss Durham in the relief work she organized from Scutari, and at her request I visited the chief Malsori tribes (Roman Catholics) to discover their condition and need. After Scutari had been saved from the clutches of Montenegro last year, I was with her there again, and we made a long journey through Central and South Albania (chiefly Moslem), stopping at Kroja, Tirana, Durazzo, Elbasan, Ochrida (now, unfortunately, Servian), Koritza, Berat, Avlona, and other places. I have thus been able to become acquainted with the greater part of the country, to form my own estimate of its people, and also to discover the affectionate veneration with which Miss Durham is regarded among them, and the reasons why they speak of her as the Kralitza or Queen.

Their admiration is natural, for she possesses exactly the qualities they like—unflinching physical courage, rapid decisiveness, indifference to outward show, a laughing humor, and compassion for all who suffer. Inherited surgical skill, medical knowledge, and a certain handiness in dealing with practical affairs go for much as well. But what I most admired myself was her moral courage in confronting authorities—diplomats, consuls, governors, foreign officers, and so on—telling them the truth about things she had seen, and giving them her opinion upon it all, no matter whether they liked it or not. This kind of courage, startling in any official circle, bursts like an explosion among the treacherous intrigues, the dissimulations, hypocrisies, and incalculable mendacity of Near Eastern diplomacy. To the official mind it is not endearing, but, by God's grace, it may perhaps bring illumination, and to people outside official circles it is the most welcome quality of all.

At all events, it is the essential quality of the present volume. The book is one of the truest you could find. My own experiences in the Near East, and especially in Albania during the last few years, naturally enable me to test the truth more closely than those who have enjoyed no opportunity of personal knowledge. But I think that even the most "general" reader would recognize the sense of exactness pervading the whole. It is written with remorseless sincerity. The Balkan Wars of last year and the year before

have disillusioned many of us. Many hoped that, if only the cruelty and imbecilities of Turkish rule were cleared away, the subject populations, whether Bulgar, Serb, Greek, or Albanian, would at least have a better chance. At all events, we thought, their condition could not be worse. Intimate knowledge of such people as the Montenegrins, for instance, had left Miss Durham fewer illusions than the old-fashioned politicians who still clung piously to the Gladstonian and Tennysonian myths. But, on the whole, she shared our hopes.

In this volume she tells how, as we rode through Alessio one afternoon, a Turkish officer gave us the news of Italy's attack upon Tripoli. "It is the beginning of the end," she said to me, and I remember her joy. A year later, just before the Balkan War began, she sent articles to the English reviews, foretelling exactly what was going to happen. The editors refused to listen, because they could not believe in Turkey's collapse, or in war at all, and bitterly they must have regretted their refusal. But with all her knowledge and foresight, even Miss Durham could not foretell the murderous greed and unspeakable bestiality with which the Orthodox Christian States were to carry on these wars, not only against armed troops, but against helpless and innocent populations; not only against Turks and Moslem Albanians, but against all races except their own, no matter what their religion or what their historic claim to the lands they cultivated. As Miss Durham observes, the Orthodox countries now hold the world's record for savagery, and for her, as for others, disillusionment has come.

She takes up the history where her book on "High Albania" left it—at the Young Turk revolution and the proclamation of the Constitution in 1908. But her story only becomes detailed with her return to Scutari in April, 1910. From that point there is no important break up to her return to England last October. It is an extraordinary piece of narrative, tragic with pity and horror, but exciting, free from the monotony of atrocities, and full of the humor that a humorous person may always find, even in the Near East. We feel throughout the interest aroused by one who has played a leading part in the events described, and for whom both the events and the people have been vital realities. Four points, I think, stand out most clearly in the story—the scene when Miss Durham, unwillingly but successfully, induced the Malsori to accept the Turkish terms after they were forsaken by Montenegro in 1911; the scene next year when she visited the Montenegrin frontier close to Berani, where the Turkish massacre had just occurred; the war-scenes when she accompanied the advance of the Allies to within range of Scutari; and the account of the hideous barbarity with which the Serbs, both of Serbia and Montenegro, conducted the war—the slicing off of noses and upper lips, even from the living, to be displayed as trophies; the slow bleeding to death of prisoners; the cold-blooded murder of the males and violation of the women, especially in Moslem districts of Albania; the forcible baptisms, with death as the alternative; the starvation of prisoners of war; the unrestrained lust of plunder and destruction. Well may Miss Durham write after passages in which some of these habits of Balkan warfare are described, "I thought bitterly that these people were pretending to Europe that they were carrying civilization into Albania, and that there were folk at home fools enough to believe it." One sometimes meets those fond believers still, but I do not know how their faith will survive a book like this.

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Wagner wrote as gospel. To some minds it has been blasphemy to doubt such a great genius. Mr. Ernest Newman, in his new appreciation, has valiantly endeavored to throw a pure white light on Wagner as a man. The estimate of his character inspired by Bayreuth has been ignored. As a result, the portrait of Wagner as a man has a modelled roundness which makes him seem much more human. It is not an idealized portrait; for, indeed, Mr. Newman has painted in his shadows with some heaviness, and the high lights are not very brilliant. As a whole, the chiaroscuro is harsh and forbidding. The picture shows us a man who was marvellously gifted, but was not conventionally good in character. With extraordinary powers of analysis, Mr. Newman has examined all the evidence of Wagner's character to be found in the letters, and, whenever possible, he has collated this evidence with letters written by Wagner's friends not intended for his eye. In thoroughness and sustained analysis, this book is a model of critical biography.

In general, we gain the impression from "Wagner as Man and Artist" that the composer was, to a great extent, an actor. The inspiration of his histrionics was a passionate egotism. This, coupled with a "lust for dominance," explains how Wagner's accounts of quite simple matters differ from the facts as far as they can be ascertained. Several examples are given by Mr. Newman, and so clearly are they put forward that even the greatest admirer of this great genius must admit that the case has been proved. It is shown that Wagner's habit of borrowing money did not begin, as the inspired biographies would have us believe, when the composer was embarrassed by his banishment after 1848, but quite early in his life. He borrowed from everybody, not even excepting the husband of Mathilde Wesendonck, and we get the impression that Wagner's friends must have felt disturbed by even the sight of an envelope in his handwriting. It was not an amiable trait. Yet, if ever a meanness were pardonable, surely this living on other people's money is to be excused in Wagner's case. He never had any serious doubt as to his necessity to the world. His genius could, and would, give mankind its rare fruit, and if a strict balance-sheet were struck, it would be seen that neither Wagner nor his heirs received as much from the world as the works of his genius gave it. Mr. Newman would not combat that special plea for Wagner. He is more concerned with showing that this vice of borrowing alienated Wagner's friends and acquaintances, just as his tactlessness and want of ordinary courtesy made him more enemies than ever his theories and music made. Several instances are given of this tactlessness. One is characteristic of the egotism of a man who would brook no rival. Wagner confesses that, when he met a certain Professor Osenbrück, he "made a special exhibition of the immoderate excitement" which was characteristic of him at that time. "All through supper I irritated him with my obstinate paradoxes till he had such an absolute horror of me that for ever afterwards he anxiously avoided meeting me." Possibly, the professor was a bore; but Wagner himself should have been more sympathetic, for he himself had a wearisome habit of reading his own articles to friends.

To understand Wagner, we must always have in mind his serene confidence in his own genius. As Mr. Newman says, "he saw himself as we see him now, with the eyes of the historical sense." At the same time, it is not strange that his contemporaries should have thought he was heavily overdrawing his balance. This extraordinary self-esteem is not generally a characteristic of a great man, or perhaps the expression of it is not; but it is a trait in Wagner's character which must not be forgotten when his attitude towards other musicians and his superb acceptance of homage seem colossal in conceit. In everything he did and said there is this trumpet note of egotism. For his own ends, he did not care what suffering or trouble he caused others. For instance, Mathilde Wesendonck was necessary to him as an inspiration, and he insisted on the "friendship," although he knew that the worthy and generous husband was feeling it acutely. Nay, Wagner even allowed himself to accept alms from the man into whose life he had brought unhappiness. His explanations of this incident and of his treachery to his friend Hans von Bülow are monuments of egotism. Not only did Wagner think that the world owed his genius the wherewithal to keep him in comfort, but he even considered

that everyone had to be sacrificed to him. "My direst need" was sufficient answer for his most outrageous actions.

Mr. Newman quite properly refuses to accept the Bayreuth version of poor Minna Wagner. According to that version, she was the stumbling-block of his career. Mr. Newman quotes some of Minna's letters from Julius Kapp's "Richard Wagner und die Frauen" which give quite a different aspect of the affair. Minna is generally drawn as being quite incapable of understanding her husband's artistic aims. She may not have entered into his later theories of music-drama, for she was a practical woman of the theatre, and no doubt had the limitations of her taste. But at first, at any rate, she worshipped her husband's genius. "I have often to refresh and strengthen myself with Richard's works," she wrote, "or else I could not write to him in a friendly tone. He certainly has in me an ardent worshipper of his earlier works. I have a feeling as if I had created them with him, for during that time I looked after him, and took all the household cares on my own shoulders alone." She was of great help to him, too, in the terrible Paris days. She recognized that he had fallen into such grievous circumstances, not "through levity, but the noblest and most natural aspiration of an artist has brought him where, unfortunately, every man must come without special help." Later on, Wagner's special complaint about Minna was that she did all this, not through love, but through duty. Considering that he knew quite well that all the love was on his side when he married Minna, one would have thought that he would have appreciated her self-sacrifice more highly. It is characteristic of the man that he should insist on everything, love as well as duty. All through his life Wagner had no use for people who did not actually worship him. Mr. Newman proves, too, that Minna's jealousy was not without good foundation. The Mathilde Wesendonck episode was not isolated. As a matter of strict justice, however, Mr. Newman should have admitted that, in her later letters, Minna's account of her troubles might have been exaggerated, for she was apparently suffering from nervous breakdown. Probably she did not recognize, or even remember, the beginnings of their quarrels. Wagner's persistent self-righteousness in his explanations makes one doubt him, and facts in some cases bear out those doubts; but, at the same time, women suffering as Minna did are not invariably truthful.

The truth about Wagner is that he is unjudgeable by ordinary standards. Mr. Newman practically admits this. "His nature was all extremes; he either loved intensely or hated furiously, was either delirious with happiness or in the darkest depths of woe." Edouard Schuré, who saw something of him in the "Tristan" days, drew what seems a truthful portrait of the composer:—

"To look at him was to see turn by turn in the same visage the front face of Faust and the profile of Mephistopheles. . . . This manner was no less surprising than his physiognomy. It varied between absolute reserve, absolute coldness, and complete familiarity and *sans-gêne*. . . . When he showed himself he broke out as a whole, like a torrent bursting its dikes. One stood dazzled before that exuberant and protean nature, ardent, personal, excessive in everything, yet marvellously equilibrate by the predominance of a devouring intellect. The frankness and extreme audacity with which he showed his nature, the qualities and defects of which were exhibited without concealment, acted on some people like a charm, while others were repelled by it. . . . His gaiety flowed over in a joyous foam of facetious fancies and extravagant pleasantries, but the least contradiction provoked him to incredible anger. Then he would leap like a tiger, roar like a stag. He paced the room like a caged lion, his voice became hoarse and the words came out like screams; his speech slashed about at random."

Other accounts bear out this highly colored portrait. This "excessive" nature and Wagner's extraordinary belief in himself are the inevitable basis of an appreciation of Wagner as a man. Mr. Newman has treated his subject justly and with keen insight and unflagging logic, but we think he has been inclined to judge Wagner as an ordinary man by ordinary standards. Everything that Wagner said, wrote, or did should be judged in the light of his excessive temperament.

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The chapters on the artist in theory and practice contain the keen analysis we expect of Mr. Newman. There is nothing new in that part of the book, or at least nothing that Mr. Newman's own writings had not led one to expect. A shrewd hit is made, however, in a passage dealing with the philosophy of Wagner's operas:—

"The problems of his operas are generally problems of his own personality and circumstances. His art, like his life, is all unconscious egoism. His problems are always to be the world's problems, his needs the world's needs. Women obsessed him in art as in life: they kindled fiery passion in man, or they 'redeemed' him from passion, or they set a sorrow's crown of sorrows on his head by failing to redeem him."

For Wagner the musician Mr. Newman has a profound admiration, and this acute and logical analysis ends on the note of panegyric. If there is room for any more books on Wagner, we wish Mr. Newman would write one in which the influence of Wagner's character on his music would be shown. His curious material sensuousness and his view of all spiritual problems from the point of view of the theatre—for Wagner was always a man of the theatre rather than a great dramatist—have their counterpart in his music. In "Wagner as Man and Artist" this is suggested, but not carried out.

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WHEN an editor sends a batch of novels to a reviewer, the layman in these matters may possibly conjecture that careful valuations as to the congruity and fitness of their propinquity have been taken. Of course, the editor has done nothing of the sort. Having been shown a number of volumes, with yellow paper coverings and Collieresque frontispieces on the outside, he immediately despatches them, without further comment or examination to the reviewer. And the equally unromantic reviewer pitches them into print, with the same disregard for unity or centralization. The truth is that neither can help it. It is not only on account of the preposterous glut in the fiction market; it is that the novel has become such a dumping-ground for the debris of opinions, prejudices, animosities, and ambitions—personal, literary, and economic—which could not survive in other branches of literature, that average fiction has a kind of corporate unification. It is not an enviable position for a once dignified calling, but when the veriest tyro in letters can turn his apprentice hand to the novel, without fear, without reproach, and without shame; it has only itself to blame.

The case of Canon Hannay is, of course, rather different. He does not write those kinds of books which, as he says himself, "can be read quite comfortably and profitably without cutting the pages which the publisher has left uncut." He has an easy style, a ready, if circumscribed humor, a dry touch of irony, and the quality of writing about people that he knows. But in "The Lost Tribes" he tends to forget the first and most indispensable lesson of the artist—never to give himself away. It is the story of an American widow, endowed with the characteristic predilection of her race for running romance and sentimentality on business lines. A modern Poppa, she bathes in the asses' milk of romantic sensibilities, and comes over to the West of Ireland to "boost" its comfortable apathy by arranging a Miracle Play. And the whole book is devoted to the activities of the Protestant and Catholic clergy of the district to divert her energy into safer channels. Now, the way Cannon Hannay gives himself away is by showing us too much of the machinery of his merry-go-round. One can distinguish its pulsations above the rhythmic undulations of the hobby-horses, and the less he can muffle these ominous throbings, the less will he be the craftsman

and the more the engineer. For it is all to his advantage that we should ignore his methods for the sake of his actual achievement. As soon as we scrutinize the former, we are compelled to see that in most of his books, he depends almost solely upon the exploitation of a single preposterous idea, which he harries and burlesques with an infuriated jocosity. He rounds up this idea as Ben Jonson rounds up an attribute of a character, and lassoes it with many an intricate and graceful fold before he brings it to its knees. And the danger, as in "The Lost Tribes," is that he should overdo the display, till we know every curve of the rope and every plunge of the idea.

With Mr. Garvice, President of the Authors' Society and melting piper to the simple lads and lassies of our modern Hamelin, we wander anew amid that dumping-ground. It is all about a Strong Man, a member of the Fast Set of the aristocracy, lords earning a pound a week, Sacrifice for another's guilt, and the Ultimate Felicity of the Strong Man and the maid, who, like the unnumbered multitudes of her fictional sisters, wears as her mascot that touching phylactery: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." "It was all very plausible," says Mr. Garvice, guilelessly, "but he had forgotten to take into account that long arm of coincidence, which so often upsets the plans of the most astute criminals." But Mr. Garvice does not forget. He remembers the long arm so consistently that he might make Derrick Dene (the Strong Man ousted from the Protection of the Law and his Rightful Inheritance) meet Lord Heyton (the representative of the Fast Set) quite fortuitously in the uplands of the Moon, without so much as a murmur from his patient Griselda of a reader. Mr. Shaw defends coincidence, but his is a little child that lightly draws its breath compared with Mr. Garvice's Moloch.

Mr. Calthrop would, perhaps, describe his book as a commentary in terms of romance and fantasy on the crude and sordid facts of life. Unfortunately, it is the other way about. He tells us nice little stories about Pan and Columbine and Pierrot simpering their loves and giving their opinions of woman suffrage (viz., sexless women, &c.) in the small hours, about the Bank and Charing Cross. He is a facile writer, so that he can throw a certain veneer of plausibility over these extravagances. But that, alas, is all. For his excursions into fairy (fairy, mark you) remind us of Mrs. Radcliffe's little conjurings with the supernatural, or Horace Walpole's harmless eccentricity at Strawberry Hill. These fairy lands are not even forlorn; they are only cardboard. Elsewhere, kissing Columbine farewell, he returns, like the British citizen, to the hearthrug, where he tells us what he thinks about politics and Labor members. Here is a sample of his reflections:—

"The Benevolent gentleman gasped. 'Good Heavens,' he cried, 'that's no good. Listen to me. First assume a slightly humorous expression, as if the whole subject was of no importance. Then lash yourself into a fury—make believe, of course. Listen to me and observe my manner.' He stood up, tousled his hair and waved his arms. 'Brothers,' he cried, 'what is this dirty old bag of tricks that stinks in the nostrils of every decent man? Golf-playing, motor-car riding, wasters of a nation's time. I have robbed them to fill your mouths. Down with everything that has the swollen pride of ancestry and tradition. Down with poetry, down with good manners, down with Breeding, Courtesy, Chivalry, and Country-houses, for these are the attributes of the blighted swines who pauperize our country to-day.' His son stood watching him, amazed. 'But, father,' he said, 'what does that mean?' 'Mean,' cried his father. 'Do you expect it to mean anything?'"

How vulgar, how childish, and how very romantic!

The position of "The Theorist" is interesting. As a psychological study, as a work of art, it is of indifferent quality. The author can conceive a situation capable of developing character and contrasting it with its environment. But there he stops. A hesitating and inexperienced workman, he can chisel his Galatea, but he cannot bring her to life sufficiently for her to act and to live by herself. His characters have their exits and their entrances, not in harmonious and ordered groupings, but in a kind of panic, as if the stage-manager had lost his head. The consequence is that, constructionally, the book sprawls in the same kind of haphazard, distracted way as Francis the First's castle at

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Owing to the numerous unsuccessful attempts which have been made in the past to discover an effectual remedy for tuberculosis, the dogma of the incurability of phthisis still remains deeply rooted in the minds of the public, but, as we are glad to see there are unmistakable signs that knowledge in regard to the curative value of the treatment under consideration is steadily increasing, and there is at the present time hardly any part of the civilised world where the results of Dr. Alabone's treatment have not been attested to. This is shown by the letters which have been received from cured patients dwelling outside the United Kingdom.

One of the chief means by which the knowledge of the intrinsic value of this treatment is scattered broadcast is through those persons who were formerly consumptive, and who fully realise that their lives were saved by its adoption, telling others, so that they, too, might experience the same permanent benefits. Relatives and friends who have seen patients before and after the use of the treatment have been able to appreciate fully the great change for the better; the patients have in a most remarkable manner been transformed from a state of living death into sound health, and, upon careful examination both by Dr. Alabone and other consultants, it has been found that all traces of the disease have disappeared.

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It was never claimed by Dr. Alabone that his treatment for consumption is infallible; some cases may not recover; and this is not to be wondered at seeing that most of his patients started the treatment at a point in their illness when, after having tried every other, including the open-air, their cases had been pronounced as hopeless. There should be no procrastination in cases of consumption; it is always wise to act promptly, as the disease is a particularly deceptive one, and not infrequently when patients are thought to be improving they are in reality becoming worse. A word to the wise is sufficient.

As a matter of fact, thousands of persons who were formerly victims of the disease owe their complete return to good health to this treatment, and any sufferer from phthisis who elects to try it may rest assured that he has wisely chosen, and that he will have the best possible chance at present known of completely recovering from the malady.

There are to-day a large number of physicians who possess the fullest confidence in it, and who regard it as their bounden duty to recommend it to their consumptive patients.

The following letters constitute further proof, if more be needed, of its immense value to sufferers:—

October 1, 1913.

Dear Sir,—With a deep sense of gratitude and thankfulness, I take up my pen with the intention of writing a few words in praise of your wonderful treatment of consumption, in the hope that some unfortunate sufferers of this, the worst of all diseases, may derive the same benefit as myself.

My case, although not by any means the worst, was yet sufficient for our neighbours and friends to notice, in fact, my parents and myself thought it would soon be all over with me. However, it was not my turn, "Thank God," and after proceeding and persevering with your treatment I was totally cured.

A period of nine years has now elapsed since giving up your treatment, and I am now a member of the Territorial Forces. I think this speaks for itself, and therefore requires no further comment.

I might say that this letter was written by me out of pure gratitude, and was entirely unsolicited.

(Signed) S. J., of S——e, Cheshire.

Herts, November 21, 1913.

Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure I am able to write and thank you for the great benefit I have received from your treatment.

After being ill for two months I entered a Sanatorium for three months, and at the end of that period I was discharged as incurable and only given three weeks to live, having lost considerable weight, and having a high temperature, respectively 102 and 103, and night sweats, and being unable to walk without help.

As a final resource I adopted your treatment, and was surprised what benefit I derived from the first. I began to gradually put on weight, and get stronger each week, till I was able to walk about anywhere, and am now feeling my old self again, and have been married, and still enjoy good health.

I think your treatment marvellous when I think of the condition I was in when I left the Sanatorium, and it will give me great pleasure to recommend your treatment whenever an opportunity occurs

E. L.

Bristol, November 24, 1913.

Dear Sir,—I am writing to thank you for the benefit I have received from your treatment. When I came to you I was suffering from catarrh of the lungs, following upon Laryngitis. After persevering with the treatment for six months, my Doctor has declared upon examination that no symptoms of any chest trouble remain, and that, as far as can be ascertained, I am completely cured. It will give me great pleasure to recommend your splendid treatment.

(Signed) A. G.

Dr. T. Y——, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., writes: "Dr. Alabone's treatment for consumption has proved a great success in my own case, after having been given up by several eminent physicians. I am convinced, not only by own experience, but from evidence of other cases I have seen, that it is the remedy so long sought after."

An immense number of similar cases could be mentioned did the space at our disposal admit of our doing so, but our readers will find any particulars they wish to obtain in the following works by Dr. Alabone.

"The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S., Eng., illustrated by numerous cases pronounced INCURABLE by the most eminent physicians, 48th edition, 174th thousand. Price 2s. 6d., post free. Obtainable from Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. Other works by the same author, "Testimonies of Patients with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s. "Facts Regarding the Open-Air Treatment," price 1s.

Chambord sprawls. But throw it into relation with the butterscotch, penny-in-the-slot type of average fiction—that is to say, the overwhelming majority of modern novels—and it acquires a value and significance out of proportion to its intrinsic merits. The reason is plain enough. It is simply that "The Theorist" makes an honest attempt to create a background in which the vitalities of certain exceptional but actual people have full sway to work out their several destinies. It is true that they collapse, thanks to their author's inordinate optimism and inability, like the effective policeman, to keep them "on the move." The book suffers, too, from the utter nakedness of the style. Its flatness and tonelessness, perhaps, exaggerate the faults of a sincere, enlightened, but amateurish work.

"Monsignor Villarsa" is more a chronicle than a novel. It is obviously founded on personal observation and on certain historical events connected with the anti-modernist crusade of the ultramontane Curia in Rome. The book is a curious blend of rhetorical artificiality and a pungently satirical polemic against the Roman Catholic clergy. Part of it is devoted to an account of the agrarian agitations and the spasmodic revolt of the Lombard peasants against the oppressions and exactions of the landlords. The Duke draws a scathing picture of the low standard of education prevailing among the clergy, peasants, and landlords, of their coarseness, intrigues, hatreds, baseness, and material interestness. And with much skill, feeling, and delicacy he sets against this canvas of gloom and chaos, the impassioned figure of Villarsa, the Bishop of Varese. Here, again, the description of this spiritual and ardent champion of the dispossessed and of a less reactionary and tyrannical church, reads like a transcript from life. The lack of balance throughout vitiates much of the book's virile qualities. Its tenderness is too artless; its spirituality too impalpable, and its invective too strident for that breadth and humanity which alone, through art, can pierce the obscurantism and ignorance of the world.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Dutch East: Sketches and Pictures." By J. MACMILLAN BROWN. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. BROWN'S book, which is in part made up of contributions to Australian and New Zealand journals, contains a good deal of information about Java and the other islands in which the Dutch people have shown themselves to be very successful colonists. Its author never loses an opportunity to tilt against "anti-militarists" and others who do not share his fear that Germany may seize Java and thus leave "no peace for Australia and her unoccupied Northern territory." Java has certainly prospered under the Dutch. Its population has risen from two millions in the end of the seventeenth century to thirty millions to-day, and it has been a great source of wealth to its possessors. Of the other Eastern possessions of Holland, Mr. Brown says that the Sanguir group of islands approach as near to the Socialist millennium as is possible in terrestrial conditions. Great Sanguir is the most closely-peopled region in the world, and its coconut plantations give the maximum of wealth with the minimum of labor. Balak Papan in Borneo, the headquarters of the Shell Transport Company, is another source of Holland's wealth, and Mr. Brown thinks highly of the future of the oil industry of which it is the centre. Mr. Brown gives us a glimpse of the other side to this picture of prosperity in the antagonism which he shows to the "great humanitarian wave from The Hague now passing over the archipelago." He apparently thinks that the *raison d'être* of the native's existence is to add to the wealth of his white master.

"The Hermits and Anchorites of England." By ROTHAMARY CLAY. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

To the modern mind the impulse that led men and women to the pursuit of holiness by leading a solitary life seems to be a strange aberration, but perhaps for this very reason the study of those who acted on that impulse is not without fascination. In the present volume Miss Clay has

made a close study, both documentary and geographical, of the English hermits and anchorites—the distinction between them is that the anchorite was enclosed within four walls, while the hermit went out of his cell and mingled with his fellow-men. She classifies those contemplatives according to the localities in which they lived—*island, fen, forest, hill-side, or cave*—or according to their avocations, such as light-keepers on the coast, bridge-tenders, and men of letters. Oddly enough, some of the hermits lived in towns—there were hermits by Cripplegate, Aldgate, Bishopsgate, and near the Tower—and occasionally they came into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities. Thomas de Byreford, for example, was censured by his Bishop for hearing confessions and offering indulgences. Miss Clay has an interesting chapter on literary recluses. Gildas is said to have been a hermit, while the transcription of the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" is attributed to Plegmund, who lived as a hermit before he was summoned to assist King Alfred. It is to another hermit, Geoffrey, the Grammarian, that we owe the first English-Latin dictionary. Miss Clay's book is a storehouse of information about the lives and rules of the English hermits and anchorites, and it makes a valuable addition to the excellent series of "The Antiquary's Books."

* * *

"Shakespeare: The Man and His Works." By MERTON LUCE. (Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d. net.)

In these seven essays Mr. Luce has at least managed to say something new about Shakespeare. He makes him out an earnest theologian, a "God-fearing Christian," and a gentleman of unimpeachable respectability as well. Plainly, if this ideal is to be realized, and Shakespeare to be rescued from the critical perversities of the Godless Moderns, the sonnets must not be permitted to be an autobiographical document. Accordingly, Mr. Luce makes a case against the "Dark Lady," not whitewashing her as he does Cressida, but denying her authenticity on the score (so far as we can make out) of an elusive and contradictory personality. Then, the ground cleared, the author goes ahead and gives us a propagandist, positively didactic Shakespeare, defender of loftiness of purpose and moral responsibility. We are accustomed, he says, to view Shakespeare's work "from a Pagan standpoint." Otherwise, we might have perceived how his work illustrates "his curious knowledge of the Bible, his profound respect for its teaching, and his habit of using its language with a high moral purpose." For instance, the passage: "Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, the gods themselves throw incense" "is a blending of the two Biblical texts: 'That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service' and 'for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.'" If Shakespeare was the pietist Mr. Luce claims him to be, all we can say is that he must have been a thorough humbug. Happily, however, he was an artist and not a moralist; so that we shall still be justified in treating him from the "Pagan" (i.e., the artistic) point of view.

* * *

"On the Track of the Great." By AUBREY STANHOPE. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. STANHOPE'S work as special correspondent of the New York "Herald" has taken him to many parts of the world, and brought him into contact with seven reigning monarchs, four of whom, he tells us, have been assassinated. His book is due in part to a suggestion made by King Edward that he should write his reminiscences, and it is largely filled with the sayings and doings of royalties. These are not always of very great interest, for Mr. Stanhope takes the trouble to relate that on one famous occasion he had a conversation with the Kaiser, restricted on the monarch's side to the remark: "Good afternoon, Mr. Stanhope, I hope you are enjoying yourself!" Of far greater interest is the account of the cholera epidemic in Hamburg, when Mr. Stanhope courageously tested the efficacy of the Haffkine vaccine by drinking Elbe water containing cholera microbes, and sleeping in a bed from which a dead patient had just been removed. Other chapters deal with Panama in the time of Lesseps, the Russian Court, King Alexander of Serbia, and the Bulgarian War.



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THE W.H.S. PEN

3/9

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning. May 29.	Price Friday morning. June 5.
Consols	74½	73½
Midland Deferred	71½	70½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	33½	31½
Chinese 5 p.c., 1896	101	101
Union Pacific	162	158½
Turkish Unified	82	82
Brazilian 4 p.c., 1889	72	75½

THE Stock Exchange has not been particularly happy, as the large accounts left open by a bankrupt speculator are still hanging over the market, and will have to be liquidated from time to time as opportunities occur. Paris, of course, is in no condition to offer support, though conditions there are said to be a trifle easier. The weakest Bourse of all is now at St. Petersburg, and the difficulties there are of some importance, owing to the great amount of Russian stocks, both Government and Industrial, which are held in Paris and other centres. London is now the principal market for Russian municipal loans; but, fortunately, the average English investor has not been much attracted by speculative enterprises in Russia. The Russian Government is said to be rather nervous just now, and even the "Times" correspondent at St. Petersburg has begun to complain of its reactionary policy. Fortunately, the harvest reports are good, both in Russia and the United States, and if present prospects are fulfilled, there should be a fair chance of a trade revival in the autumn. The American Railway Market has been inactive, awaiting the decision of the Railroad Commissioners in the matter of freight rates, and also the issue of the crops. At the moment a record wheat crop is expected. One of the events of the week in our Stock Markets has been the heavy fall in Spies Petroleum shares, which were pressed for sale on Thursday, and dropped from 20s. 6d. to 17s. 6d., owing, it is said, to liquidation by underwriters and bad reports. The most cheerful section has been the Foreign Market, the feature having been the strength of Brazilians. It is believed that a new loan has been arranged, and the last Rothschild loan rose on Saturday to 87½. Consols and gilt-edged stocks have been dull, possibly owing to the heavy losses to underwriters caused by the sinking of the "Empress of Ireland." Another market in which liquidation has been evident is tin shares, which have been falling rapidly for some time in sympathy with the fall in tin prices. At this time last year a ton of tin was worth about £220, now it fetches only about £138. This is explained, partly by a falling off in consumption, partly by an increase of production.

PERUVIAN SECURITIES.

Some years ago, the Peruvian Corporation was continually quarrelling with the Peruvian Government. Then came a respite, and affairs seemed to be proceeding smoothly, until friction arose over the question of the loading of guano from the Ballestas Islands. The company was given a monopoly up to a total of 2,000,000 tons in all of the export of this fertilizer from the islands. The Government claimed that the company's operations during the breeding season threatened to drive the birds away from the islands altogether, and imposed a "close time," to which the company objected. Then came political unsettlement, and the company was debarred altogether from shipping guano. This week the news has arrived that the new Government has removed the embargo, and given the Corporation leave to load guano again. The sale of the fertiliser provides an

important part of the Corporation's revenue, and when the closing of the islands was decreed, the securities of the Corporation fell rather heavily. The preference stock, which fluctuates most, went as low as 35½, after having been dealt in at 47 earlier in the year. The preference stock is entitled to 4 per cent. cumulative dividends, and the accumulated arrears up to the end of the month—the end of the company's financial year—amount to 77½ per cent. For the past two years 2½ per cent. has been paid, and this rate gives a return of 5½ per cent. at the present price of the stock. Owing to the interference which the collection of guano has suffered during the past few months, it is probable that the revenue of the Corporation from this source may show a reduction in the next report. On the other hand, the railway receipts show an improvement up to date which may square the accounts, and it does not appear likely that the preference dividend will be lower than 2 per cent. There has been a certain amount of speculation in Peruvian preference over the Ballestas Islands question, but the stock is not the speculative favorite that it once was. Should anything occur, however, to change the aspect of affairs, there is little doubt that the stock would again have a large following, just as it did a short while back, when there were persistent rumors of a scheme for getting rid of the arrears of preference dividend in face of the apparent impossibility of performing any financial juggle which would stop the further accumulation of the arrears. A much more likely move in the near future is the floating off of some of the miscellaneous items in the Corporation's concession, such as coal and other mining rights, or land assets as subsidiary companies, whereby capital for their development might be obtained, and the greater part of the revenue from them retained to help the parent concern. For the speculative investor who wants a lock-up but likes some sort of return on his money while he waits for the market to improve, Peruvian Preference are decidedly attractive. The comparative failure of the stock to respond to the news regarding the guano deposits is ascribed to the weakness on the Paris Bourse, where the stock has always been a favorite. Some of it, too, is undoubtedly due to profit-taking in London, for there were a few favored individuals who had a pretty shrewd idea of the Government's intention to repeal the prohibition some days before the news was officially known.

A CO-OPERATIVE PETROL REPORT.

One of the first companies formed for supplying motorists with fuel at lower prices than those charged by the standard distributing companies has issued its first annual report. This is the Motor Owners' Petrol Combine, which took over an oil property from a company which had not met with conspicuous success up till then. The combine charges the ordinary price, but distributes the extra profit as a bonus to its shareholding purchasers. The profits amount to £48,334, out of which £5,000 is written off preliminary expenses, 9 per cent. is paid on the cumulative preference shares, 17 per cent. on the ordinary shares, and 4d. per share on the 1s. deferred shares. This leaves £24,740, and the directors propose to pay 4d. per gallon bonus to shareholding purchasers. The amount to be absorbed by this is not stated. It should be noted that no depreciation has been written off the oil wells or their equipment, and it is an interesting speculation as to what ought to be deducted from the profit for this purpose. It is possible that all the 4d. per gallon, and part of the distributed profits ought properly to be used for this purpose; but oil fields' finance is not particularly famous as a model of soundness.

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